Historical Plays of Colonial Days

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HISTORICAL PLAYS
OF
COLONIAL DAYS

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH AND POCAHONTAS

HISTORICAL PLAYS

OF

COLONIAL DAYS

FOR

FIFTH YEAR PUPILS

BY

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CONTENTS

PAGE

THE DEPARTURE—A Story of the Very Early Days of Harvard College 1

WILLIAM PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS—A Story of the Quakers 7

CHERRY PIE—A Story of Maryland in the Raiding Time 10

THE QUAKERS IN NEW ENGLAND—A Story of Early Salem in the days of Witchcraft 20

GENTLEMEN OF VIRGINIA—A Story of the First English Settlement in America 28

MASSASOIT'S ILLNESS—A Story of how Captain Winslow Cooked some Chicken Broth without the Chicken . . . 34

LITTLE PILGRIMS—A Story of what they Saw in the Sea over the Side of the Good Ship Mayflower 39

THE BEGINNING OF NEGRO SLAVERY—A Story of the First Landing of Slaves in Virginia by a Dutch Schooner 44

THE STRATEGY OF DIRECTOR KIEFT—A Story of how the Money was Raised for the Building of the First Church in New Amsterdam 50

AN ENCOUNTER IN THE FOREST—A Story of the Early Days in Massachusetts 56

WAMPUM BELTS—A Story of Roger Williams in the Pequot War 60

THE PILGRIMS IN HOLLAND—A Story of the Stay in Leyden 64

POCAHONTAS IN LONDON—A Story of how the Lords and Ladies of the Court Treated Pocahontas as the Princess Daughter of the Emperor Powhatan 68

PAGE

THE EASTER RABBIT — A Story of the Early Days of New York 75

THE FIRST CROP OF APPLES — A Story of Providence in Colonial Days 83

A SKIRMISH AT RENSSELAERSWIJCK — A Story of New York in Colonial Days 92

HOW THE INDIANS PLANTED POWDER — A Story of Colonial Days in Massachusetts. 101

INDIAN GIFTS — A Story of Priscilla Alden's Cow . 106

A CHRISTMAS TREE IN NEW ENGLAND — A Story of how the Puritans Kept Christmas 115

ROBERT MORRIS AND THE REVOLUTION — A Story of how the Revolution was Financed 122

AT ANCHOR — A Story of how John Billington Set Fire to the Good Ship Mayflower 126

A NARROW ESCAPE — A Story of John Smith and Pocahontas 131

STORMY TIMES — A Story of The Rebellion in Early New York. 137

THE FIRST WINTER — A Story of how Elder Brewster and Miles Standish Ministered to the Pilgrims in Sickness and in Hardship 143

VIRGINIA CHILDREN OF LONG AGO — A Story of Plantation Days 148

SATURDAY NIGHT IN NEW ENGLAND — A Story of Colonial Manners and Customs 154

THE DEPARTURE

A STORY OF THE VERY EARLY DAYS OF HARVARD COLLEGE

CHARACTERS

MR. AND MRS. STEBBINS. . *colonists living in New York*

JOHN STEBBINS. . . . *their son, preparing to attend Harvard College*

ALICE STEBBINS. *their daughter, two years younger than John*

SCENE

The living-room in the house of Mr. Stebbins. Mrs. Stebbins carrying a lighted candle and Alice come downstairs and begin to prepare breakfast. Boxes and bundles and two guns are piled on the floor.

MRS. STEBBINS. — We must be quiet, Alice, and not wake him before the time.

ALICE. — How quickly to-day has come! I wish he were not going to-day!

MRS. STEBBINS. — Then you would be wishing the same thing to-morrow.

ALICE. — Mother, why do not girls go to college? I can read Latin as well as John.

MRS. STEBBINS. — What a thought, child! What would *you* do at college?

ALICE. — Oh, I was just wondering! I hope John will be happy at Harvard.

MRS. STEBBINS. — Yes, I hope so — I pray so. How I wish I could make the journey with him and see him safe there.

ALICE. — I am sure that he will be happy in his new home. Harvard College must be a wonderful place. He will become so learnéd. John will be a great man in the colony, some day. Why, mother, you are crying! You must not be so unhappy because John is going.

MRS. STEBBINS. — Nay, nay, 'tis the smoke from the fire that makes my eyes smart. Hark! (*A clock in the shadow strikes four.*) It is time to call them. Dry the dishes, Alice. I must go.

(*Mrs. Stebbins goes up the stairway*)

ALICE (*drying the dishes*). — Poor, poor mother. Oh, it will be a dreadful journey, filled with danger. (*Clasping her hands.*) Dear God, I pray thee let no savage Indians attack him. Two years are *so* long to wait! He will be a man full-grown when next we see him. Then two more years and he will come home to stay.

MRS. STEBBINS (*entering from the stairs*). — Thy father is up and dressed and will be

down directly. This journey lies heavy on his mind.

ALICE. — Was John awake?

MRS. STEBBINS. — No, he was sleeping as calmly as an angel.

(*Enter Mr. Stebbins*)

ALICE (*running to greet him*). — Good morning, father!

MR. STEBBINS. — Good morning, daughter. Tell me, wife, where are John's boxes?

MRS. STEBBINS. — Here they are. In this bag are his shoes, his muffler, his great coat and his winter cap. In this one are two suits of homespun, his three ruffled linen shirts, his stocks, and his beaver hat. Oh, I have counted each thing over and over, until I know that there is naught forgotten. And — and, husband, I have something to confess to thee — I meant to make mention of it yesterday, but I forgot —

MR. STEBBINS. — Well?

MRS. STEBBINS. — Why, 'tis this. I have given him thy silver shoe-buckles. Indeed, I do not wish to make the boy worldly, but he is going among strange people, and I would have him look well.

MR. STEBBINS. — Oh, it matters not! I have not worn such finery for years past and the

boy may need them. Tell me, hast thou two flasks of brandy ready for tuition? Yes? Well, I will place them here with the boxes and with our guns. We must forget nothing. Now I will go to look after the horses. (*He takes up the bundles and boxes and guns; Alice helps him and he goes out.*)

ALICE. — How long will father be gone, mother?

MRS. STEBBINS. — A fortnight, I fear. He will go with John as far as Hartford. From there John will go on with the mail-carrier to Cambridge. Your father would like to go all the way, but he cannot afford it.

(*Enter John*)

JOHN. — Good morning, Alice. I doubted if I would see you up so early.

ALICE. — Oh, John, how can you say such things! Are you quite ready?

JOHN. — Yes. I do not believe that I have forgotten anything.

MRS. STEBBINS. — Alice, call your father to breakfast. (*Alice goes out.*)

JOHN. — Why, mother! White bread — such extravagance!

MRS. STEBBINS. — Yes, I will confess to the extravagance. The last time that I baked a loaf was when the minister came to stop with

us. Some day, John, there may be white loaves baking for you in the village.

JOHN. — Perhaps so, mother. I will study faithfully and you must pray for me.

(*Enter Mr. Stebbins and Alice*)

MR. STEBBINS. — Well! All ready, son?

JOHN. — Yes, father, all ready to put on my hat.

(*Mr. Stebbins and John sit down; his wife and daughter wait on them*)

MR. STEBBINS. — Now, John, I shall give you your letters. Here is one to the president of the college telling him my wishes regarding you, and particularly asking him to direct you to some good family where you may board. Remember, if I can send for you at the end of the second year, I shall do so. But, should I not be able to do so, you must bear with the disappointment.

MRS. STEBBINS. — You must never miss a mail, my son. The governor is thinking of establishing a bi-monthly carrier between here and Boston.

JOHN. — Oh, I shall write home a journal, and I shall expect you to keep one for me, Alice.

MR. STEBBINS. — Come, we had best be off. Where is the lunch, wife? I must tie it up

with the other things. Good-bye, my daughter, God keep you. Good-bye, my dear, do not worry. May God bless and keep you. I'll wait for you outside, John.

(*Mr. Stebbins goes out*)

JOHN. — Now, mother, you heard what father said. You must not worry; you know I am a man and I can take care of myself.

MRS. STEBBINS. — Oh, my son, my son! Four years is such a long time!

JOHN. — Yes, mother, but think of all the wonderful things I'll have to tell you and Alice! Good-bye, good-bye!

ALICE. — Good-bye, John. You'll — you'll miss the patties I used to make you.

JOHN. — Oh, you silly girl, I'll miss everything you used to do. Oh, don't cry! Oh, mother, don't *you* cry!

(*The father's voice calling "John! John!" is heard*)

There is father calling me. Good-bye! Good-bye!

(*He hastily kisses them again and runs out, leaving them weeping in each other's arms*)

WILLIAM PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS

A STORY OF THE QUAKERS

CHARACTERS

WILLIAM PENN ..... *founder of Philadelphia*
JONATHAN UNDERHILL ..... *a Quaker*
HENRY UNDERHILL... *son of Jonathan Underhill*
THOMAS SMALLWOOD ..... *a Quaker*
MARTHA SMALLWOOD.... *wife of Thomas Smallwood*
DAVID LATHROP ..... *a Quaker*
CONSTANCE LATHROP.. *daughter of David Lathrop*
FLYING ARROW ..... *an Indian Chief*
INDIANS AND QUAKERS

SCENE

All the Quakers are gathered together, a little way beyond the city of Philadelphia, for the purpose of forming a treaty with the Indians. The men carry guns.

PENN. — It is time that our Indians arrived.

UNDERHILL. — The sun is not yet past the upper branches of the elm.

MARTHA SMALLWOOD (*addressing Penn*). — Art thou sure, friend, that these Indians will be peaceful?

PENN. — Aye, they are our friends, Martha. Put thy fears away.

CONSTANCE. — Is it not true, father, that they scalp white men?

DAVID LATHROP. — Hush, daughter, we have naught to fear. (*Constance goes over to Martha.*)

CONSTANCE. — I am affrighted. Truly, Martha, I am.

MARTHA. — Nay, nay, there is naught to fear.

HENRY UNDERHILL. — Think you they will come in war-paint?

MARTHA. — Who knows? I have never seen many of them gathered together.

(*Penn steps forward*)

PENN. — Friends, there is nothing to fear. The Indians are our allies. Therefore, to show them that we trust them, I will ask each man to leave his gun yonder.

(*The men go, one by one, and leave their guns in a pile on the ground*)

They will come to us in a spirit of peace. Let us receive them gently and in all kindness.

THE QUAKERS. — Aye! Aye!

PENN. — Here come the Indians. (*The Indians file in. Flying Arrow carries the pipe of peace.*) Welcome, my brothers!

INDIANS. — Welcome! Welcome!

PENN. — My friends, we meet to-day on

the pathway of good faith and good will. No advantages will be taken on my side or on yours. The friendship between you and me I will not compare to a chain, for that the rain might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. We are all one flesh and one blood. We are brothers together and forever shall we dwell in peace.

FLYING ARROW. — My brother, you have spoken. You have said well. The red man *is* your friend. In famine and in plenty, when the grass grows green in springtime, when the snow falls in the winter, we will be ever ready to help and to aid our brothers. So long as the sun and the moon shall shine, we will live in love with William Penn and his children.

PENN. — May the Good Father of us all bless our compact.

FLYING ARROW. — Now shall we smoke the Pipe of Peace.

(*The Indians and the Quakers form a circle on the ground and smoke the pipe of peace*)

Braves, night is coming. Build a great campfire, so that we and our new friends can sit around it and tell of the great deeds of the past and plan great deeds for the future.

CHERRY PIE

A STORY OF MARYLAND AND THE RAIDING TIME

CHARACTERS

WILLIAM CLAYBORNE.. } ..... *the raiders*
CAPTAIN INGLE..... }
JOHN HANLEY .....*a newly arrived settler*
SUSAN HANLEY....*Mr. Hanley's twelve year old daughter*
FRANCIS, HER BROTHER.....*a boy of eleven*
MADGE HANLEY .....*a baby of five*
MISTRESS DEBORAH BEECHMONT.*a girl of thirteen*

SCENE

The living-room of John Hanley's house on the outskirts of the colony at St. Mary's, Maryland. Deborah Beechmont is sewing near the window. Enter Susan, with Madge clinging to her skirts, and holding in both hands a dish of cherries.

SUSAN (*peering down at Madge*). — Let go my dress, Madge, like a good little maid.

MADGE.—Will you not give me one, just one?

SUSAN. — Nay, and you hold her so, sister cannot walk. There! Now thou art good.

(*Goes quickly to the table and puts down the dish.*) See, I will give you the fattest cherry of all. Open thy mouth, Birdie!

DEBORAH. — Give me one, too. Nay, I cannot *take* it. 'Twill mess my fingers. Put it in.

SUSAN. — I am like Mistress Robin, feeding her fledglings.

DEBORAH. — Oh, they *are* good. Give me another, Susan.

MADGE. — Yes, another for me, too.

SUSAN (*selecting two*). — Where think you will be my cherry pie? Thou knowest, Deb, this pie is to be a special surprise for mother, to-night. These cherries are sun-cooked. It is that which makes them so good. I will give thee the recipe before thou goest home.

(*Enter Francis with an armful of wood*)

FRANCIS. — Here's the wood, Sue, — and, oh, cherries!

SUSAN. — Nay, not one! Carry thy wood to the fire and put it all on. I am going to bake a pie.

FRANCIS. — Three cheers for a pie! Are you not glad, Debby, that father rode over for thee this morning?

SUSAN. — Francis, you must mend your speech. Deborah is now a young lady and thou art too little to "thee" and "thou" and

to call her Debby. Mistress Deborah were better.

DEBORAH (*sitting very straight*). — You say right, Susan. I may, perchance, go to London in the summer. My mother said, only yesterday, that I must conduct myself as a gentlewoman. Not that I truly mind, Francis, but 'twould sound better to use the Mistress now that I'm come to young womanhood.

FRANCIS. — Then you've arrived very suddenly, and grown frightfully prim in a minute. Why 'tis only a fortnight to-day that we played hide and seek in the barn and I drew thee up and down on the grain-hook.

SUSAN. — That is all very different now. Deborah is going to London.

FRANCIS.— Well, all I said was, I hoped she was glad of the pie, and I'll wager you she'll eat a good piece, for all that she is a *Mistress*.

(*He goes out, but runs back to shout*)

Oh, I say, Mistress Deb! When you are presented to the king, make an extra courtesy for me. (*Exit.*) (*Susan puts the pie in the oven.*)

SUSAN.— Dost truly think that thou wilt go?

DEBORAH. — Yes, truly.

SUSAN. — Wilt thou be presented at court?

DEBORAH. — Who knows? I hope and pray so.

SUSAN. — And, oh, thou wilt wear a train, Debby! Think of it! Come, let's play at court! For a train, we'll use my apron.

DEBORAH. — Here is my needle and thread. Sew it on far down, so that it will sweep when I make my courtesy.

SUSAN. — I shall be the king. You will be the queen, and Madge will be thy page.

MADGE (*piping up*). — Madge is sleepy.

SUSAN. — But Madge will play just this little while, and then she can go to sleep.

MADGE. — Just a little while and then I want a piece of pie.

DEBORAH. — Sister will give thee thy pie if thou wilt hold the train nicely.

SUSAN. — Turn round a bit, Debby. There, it will do! Now you will come from the other side of the room. I shall sit here. Madge, walk behind. Now pick up Debby's train. Not so high! Here! I will show thee. (*Runs over.*) Now come slowly across. (*Goes back. Deborah comes very deliberately across the room and makes a courtesy.*)

DEBORAH. — Do I kiss your hand, Sue?

SUSAN. — Yes, but do not clutch my fingers so. Take them lightly. (*Deborah kisses the hand.*) That was a very wet kiss, Debby.

DEBORAH. — But you put your hand out before I was ready.

SUSAN. — Well, once again. Now start back.

MADGE. — I'm sleepy.

SUSAN. — Just a minute, Lady-bird! Hold the train nicely. Debby, don't look 'round to see where it is! Feel with your heel!

DEBORAH. — If Madge would lift it just a —— Oh, mercy me. Oh, dear. (*Gets tangled up and is forced to sit on the floor.*)

SUSAN. — Come, we'll try it over ——

(*Enter Francis followed by two men in riding clothes. Deborah tries to rise, but cannot*)

FRANCIS. — Susan, here are two gentlemen to see father.

SUSAN (*casting distressed glances at Deborah and hesitating whether to shake hands with the gentlemen or to help Deborah to arise*). — Good-day, sirs. I am very sorry my father is not at home.

FRANCIS. — Allow me, Mistress Deborah! (*He helps her to her feet. Deborah, humiliated and confused, retreats behind the settle, where she endeavors to rip off the apron. The two men stand near the door, apart from the others and talking.*)

SUSAN. — Will you not sit down? I am sorry my father is not here. 'Twas but an hour ago that he went to St. Mary's. Had you come that way, you would have met him on the road.

INGLE. — Like enough! Like enough! And thy mother, is she at home?

SUSAN. — Nay, she hath gone over to Mistress Fairfield's to see her new puppet, which, dressed in the very latest fashion, has just arrived from London. She will return shortly. Will you not wait? (*Susan seats herself and Madge climbs into her lap.*)

CLAYBORNE. — Nay, best hurry about our business, Ingle.

(*Deborah comes back and begins sewing*)

INGLE. — Nay, sit down. Sit down. 'Tis a pleasant kitchen. (*He seats himself. Clayborne remains standing.*) Tell me, small sir (*to Francis*), art thou not afraid of being swallowed up by the Indians?

FRANCIS. — Certainly not! The Indians are our friends. We *bought* our land. *We* are no usurpers!

INGLE (*to Clayborne*). — Hearest thou that, friend? (*To Francis*) The gentleman yonder would not agree with thee.

SUSAN. — But 'tis a fact. They are our friends, our very true friends.

DEBORAH (*in a subdued tone of voice*). — Susan, I–er–er — think that I smell the pie, Susan.

SUSAN. — Oh, Debby, I had forgot. (*Rushes to the fire.*)

FRANCIS. — Thou hast a good nose, Mistress Deborah. (*Deborah buries herself in her sewing.*)

INGLE (*to Madge, who has been put from Susan's lap and left standing in the middle of the floor*). — Bless my heart, what a pretty girl! Come hither, sweeting, and tell me thy name.

SUSAN (*over her shoulder*). — Go to the gentleman; that's a good girl.

INGLE (*lifting her up*). — Well now, what's thy name?

MADGE. — Madge.

INGLE. — Madge what?

MADGE. — Margery Hanley — but Susan calls me Lady-bird and father calls me Dumpling.

INGLE (*laughing*). — Which do you like best?

MADGE (*laughing too*). — I like Madge.

SUSAN (*spreading a cloth on the table*). — Will you not have a piece of pie, sir? Cherry pie.

INGLE. — Indeed, yes. It is not every day, little maid, that I am invited to cherry pie. Nor are you, friend. Come! 'Twill do no harm this once. Draw up thy chair, and be mannerly.

CLAYBORNE. — I tell thee, thou art a fool; we have no time to tarry. (*He goes sullenly over to the table.*) Nay, but a small piece, Mistress. I have no time for a larger, excellent though it may be.

INGLE. — My friend hath an uneasy spirit — a prompting in his legs to be ever on the move. (*Chuckles to himself.*)

SUSAN. — Indeed, sir, my father will be back before the afternoon is over, and my mother may come in at any moment now.

CLAYBORNE. — Come, I've done with this mummery. We want to be off, I tell you. Well, I'll save my hide while there is yet time. (*He stalks out.*)

INGLE (*rising*).— I needs must follow my friend. Good-day, good-day, and many thanks for thy cheer.

(*He goes out hurriedly*)

FRANCIS. — Did you hear what he said, about saving his skin?

DEBORAH (*icily*). — I think he was as rude as you will grow to be.

SUSAN. — Oh, wasn't it dreadful? Poor you in the middle of the floor! I should think, Francis, you would have learned to knock on a door before you enter a room.

FRANCIS. — I should think you'd be old enough not to play! "Mistress" indeed! With an apron sewed to her petticoat! (*The sound of a galloping horse is heard.*)

SUSAN. — Run, open the door, there is father.

(*Mr. Hanley comes in*)

MR. HANLEY. — Tell me, children, is everything well?

SUSAN (*in surprise*). — Why, yes, father, everything ——

MR. HANLEY. — Nay, I will see for myself. (*Goes out, followed by Francis.*)

DEBORAH. — Why, what could be wrong, do you suppose?

SUSAN. — Bless me, I can't tell. If only those two gentlemen had waited. Here is father arrived, and they have scarce gone.

DEBORAH. — I liked the big man, didn't you? He seemed so full of laughter.

SUSAN. — Why Deborah! They never even told their names.

MADGE. — He asked me my name.

SUSAN. — Do you suppose it was my fault, Deborah? I should have asked them?

DEBORAH. — Nay, they should have told you who they were. But what a shame you had to cut your pie before your mother saw it.

SUSAN. — But how fortunate that you smelled it. It might now be a cinder. I had forgotten it completely.

(*Enter Mr. Hanley with Francis*)

MR. HANLEY. — Well, girls, you had a lucky escape — lucky, indeed, beyond measure.

FRANCIS (*excitedly*). — That was Captain Clayborne, who is raiding the countryside. The people at St. Mary's warned father.

MR. HANLEY. — Yes, I galloped back, for I was told that the buccaneers were here after my grain and cattle. But everything is safe and sound, as I left it.

SUSAN. — Were those men buccaneers? Why, they ate my cherry pie!

MR. HANLEY (*laughing*). — It must have been a good one — for I believe that it saved us.

MADGE (*coming over and crawling up on her father*). — He was a nice man, and I sat just like this and he pinched my cheek.

MR. HANLEY. — It's a wonder that he didn't carry you off and make you into a dumpling. (*Tosses her into the air.*)

SUSAN. — But to think that they ate my cherry pie!

THE QUAKERS IN NEW ENGLAND

A STORY OF EARLY SALEM IN THE DAYS OF WITCHCRAFT

CHARACTERS

MR. AND MRS. MINDBORNE . . . . *devout Puritans*
MARTHA . . . . . *their little daughter*
HANNAH . . . . . *an old servant*
MERCY . . . . . *a little Quaker girl*
MR. AND MRS. WOODLETON . . *Mercy's father and mother (accused of dealing in witchcraft)*

SCENE

Before Martha's house in Salem. Martha is teaching Hannah how to read.

MARTHA. — Come now, Hannah! You must remember some of the letters! What is that letter called?

HANNAH. — That is A.

MARTHA. — Yes, to be sure, and this letter?

HANNAH. — That's — M.

MARTHA. — No, no, that's N! Now what is the next one?

HANNAH. — Why, that's D.

MARTHA. — Yes. Now what does that spell?

HANNAH. — A–n–d —

MARTHA. — Oh, you must know. Why, *everyone* knows what that spells.

HANNAH. — I have forgot.

MARTHA. — Why, it tells you itself. A–N–D spells and. It is just as plain as plain can be. It *couldn't* spell anything else.

HANNAH. — Oh, I shall *never* learn to read.

MARTHA. — Then some day you will wake up and find yourself in the pillory — or you will be bound and placed outside our door there, and "scold" will be writ on a great sign and hung around your neck — and they will put a gag in your mouth.

HANNAH. — Oh, is that so? Then why, Mistress Martha, doth thy mother keep so bad a servant? Nay, if I be all these things already, I have no need to learn to read.

MARTHA. — Nay, dear Hannah — I did not mean that — thou art not a scold — thou art our dear, good servant. But it is necessary for you to learn to read, for, if you cannot read, how can you know your catechism? If you do not know your catechism, how will you know what is right and what is wrong? You will not know the laws, and so you may break them — that is what I meant.

(*Enter Mercy*)

MERCY. — If you please, good morning.

MARTHA. — Good morning.

HANNAH. — Why, lack-a-day, child, in what a state you are! You are all draggled and torn and full of briers. Didst wash thy face this morning?

MERCY. — No, not this morning.

HANNAH. — All good little girls wash their faces every morning. Art thou not a good little girl?

MERCY. — I do not think that I am. They call me a daughter of Satan.

HANNAH. — A pretty state of affairs! And who be "they"?

(*Mercy begins to cry*)

MARTHA. — Oh! she is crying! (*Martha goes to Mercy.*) Please do not cry. What is your name? Mine is Martha.

MERCY (*looking up*). — Mine is Mercy.

MARTHA. — Oh, that is a pretty name.

HANNAH. — Well, Mercy, here come master and mistress. Tell thy story to them.

(*Mr. and Mrs. Mindborne come in and Martha runs to meet them*)

MARTHA. — Oh father! Oh mother! Here is a poor little girl crying!

HANNAH. — She says her name is Mercy and that she's called a daughter of Satan.

MR. MINDBORNE. — Hush, be still. Come, wife, we'll have a look at the child. Why, I know her not. Dost thou?

MRS. MINDBORNE. — Nay, that I do not. What is thy name, dear?

MARTHA. — Her name is Mercy, mother.

MR. MINDBORNE. — Daughter, hold thy peace!

MRS. MINDBORNE. — Mercy is a sweet name. Hast thou another?

MERCY. — Woodleton — Mercy Woodleton is my full name.

MRS. MINDBORNE. — Come, we will sit down on this bench. Now tell me why thou wast crying, Mercy.

MERCY. — Yesterday they took father and mother — and the house was locked. I had nowhere to go and I was so hungry.

MRS. MINDBORNE. — Go, Hannah! Bring something to eat. Go quickly. (*Hannah goes out.*)

MR. MINDBORNE. — Where did they take thy parents, child?

MERCY. — To the court-house, sir, to the governor. They are to be put on trial for being Quakers.

(*Mr. and Mrs. Mindborne and Martha start away from Mercy*)

MRS. MINDBORNE. — What, thou art a *Quaker?*

MERCY (*tearfully*). — Yes, if thou pleasest.

MR. MINDBORNE. — It is the very case I told you of, wife. It is to be tried this morning. These Quakers have brought all manner of ills upon their neighbors. They have lamed Goodwife Martin, and because of them Goodman Todd lies ill of a fever.

MERCY. — 'Tis not so. 'Tis a falsehood thou speakest. We have done naught and have harmed no one. I — I must be going.

MRS. MINDBORNE. — Nay, stay and sup a bit. Here comes something for you.

MERCY. — I thank thee, but I must be going.

(*Enter Hannah with a tray*)

MARTHA (*taking a cake from the tray*). — Here, eat it. Oh, please eat.

(*Mercy eats ravenously*)

MRS. MINDBORNE. — The child is hungry. Come back and eat. We will not molest thee, my dear. (*The Mindbornes draw off to one side.*)

MR. MINDBORNE.— We will be fined twenty shillings for this.

MRS. MINDBORNE. — What! For harboring one so young?

MR. MINDBORNE. — She is no less a Quaker.

MARTHA. — She does not look wicked.

HANNAH. — I hope you will not keep her, master. Such folk be dangerous.

MR. MINDBORNE. — She may stay for to-night at least.

HANNAH. — And we will all be dead in our beds, come morning.

MR. MINDBORNE. — That will do, Hannah. Remember, if she stays, she is my guest.

MRS. MINDBORNE (*going to Mercy*). — Come, go into the house and rest thee. Hannah will go with thee.

MERCY. — Thank thee very much, madam, but I cannot.

MARTHA. — Oh, look who comes!

(*Mr. and Mrs. Woodleton come in*)

MERCY. — Oh! 'Tis my mother! Oh, mother! Oh, father! (*Friend Woodleton and his wife tenderly embrace their daughter.*) Oh, father! Oh, mother! I have been so lonesome. I did pray God you would come back to me soon.

MR. WOODLETON. — Poor little lamb! Poor little lamb!

MRS. WOODLETON. — Where didst thou pass the night, my child?

MERCY. — In the woods. And I was *so* hungry!

MRS. WOODLETON. — Oh, husband, dost thou

hear? She hath been all night alone in the woods.

MR. WOODLETON. — Aye, I hear. The hand of the Lord is heavy upon us.

MERCY. — And this morning I was so hungry that I came in here. They said that you were wicked and then they offered me to eat. I would that I had refused, but I was *so* hungry.

MR. WOODLETON (*addressing Mr. Mindborne*). — Thou hast been kind to the little maid. I thank thee, sir. I would to Heaven thy neighbors were more in thy likeness.

MRS. MINDBORNE. — I am very glad, sir, for the child's sake, that you are free once more. Is there any refreshment I can offer you?

MR. WOODLETON. — Nay, we must be on our way. This is our condition of freedom — that we leave the colony at once. We bid you good-day, folks.

MARTHA. — Good-bye, Mercy — I do not believe you are wicked. And thou shalt have my new puppet.

MRS. MINDBORNE. — Here in this napkin I have tied up something good. You are very welcome to it.

MRS. WOODLETON. — Oh, thou art kind, madam, so kind!

MERCY. — Good-bye, Martha, good-bye. I will keep thy puppet until I am a great girl.

MARTHA. — Good-bye! Good-bye!

HANNAH. — Well, thank goodness, they are gone. When that woman looked at me, I could feel pins sticking into me. I assure you, ma'am, I could (*twisting herself*).

MRS. MINDBORNE. — Nay, they were gentle-looking folks. I cannot believe wicked of them.

MR. MINDBORNE. — Yet strange things have been seen to happen at their house. We cannot gainsay that.

MARTHA. — Well, I liked them and I gave all my puppets to Mercy, every single one.

GENTLEMEN OF VIRGINIA

A STORY OF THE FIRST ENGLISH SETTLEMENT IN AMERICA

CHARACTERS

GEORGE PERCY... }
GABRIEL BEADELL } ....*gentlemen of the colony*
JOHN RUSSELL ... }

CAPTAIN ARCHER...*an enemy of John Smith and a mischief-maker in general*

SCENE

The company has been brought by John Smith from the fort into the wilderness for the purpose of cutting down trees and making clapboards. When the curtain rises Percy is discovered fast asleep. From the thicket nearby comes the sound of chopping.

(*Enter Russell and Beadell*)

RUSSELL. — Thy hands are as bad as mine. In sooth, and we used to think tennis playing a strenuous exercise! Look you, there's Percy fast asleep. He's been dead to the world this last hour.

BEADELL. — Then let him be dead a little longer. God wot it's a weary world. I'll not wake him to its miseries.

RUSSELL. — 'Twould be mistaken kindness to allow some humming busy bee to find him. Thou knowest well John Smith is not to be trifled with. (*He gets up and goes over to Percy.*) Percy! What, George Percy! (*As Percy wakes*) What, man! think you, you are in Merry England, and have not to work for a living?

PERCY (*stretching leisurely*). — Sooth, I thought I was back at home, and at the play with Lord Hervy, and that suddenly, from the stage, an Indian made towards me. Then you clapped me on the shoulder and here I am i' faith, sir.

BEADELL. — 'Twere better to have dreamed that you were feasting at the Blue Pigeon, or at the inn of mine host at Temple Bar, say, off a joint of beef, washed down with a good sack posset.

CAPTAIN ARCHER (*parting the bushes at the back*). — Who speaks of feasting?

(*The men turn, startled*)

BEADELL. — Ah, captain, you have a way of stepping that savors more of moccasins than of honest English boots.

PERCY. — I would the colonists went about a-tramping! I've such a horror of our creeping neighbors, I fain would walk abroad as children go up stairs, my head turned ever backward.

ARCHER. — I crave your pardon, gentles, if I have offended; but again I make so bold to ask, who speaks of feasting?

BEADELL. — Like enough you would have us all strung up on charge of mutiny. No, we were not complaining, we are loyal subjects of the king, staunch supporters of the company, worthy followers of my lords of the High Council.

RUSSELL. — Yes, we be all that, Captain Archer, and, moreover, we be lovers of honesty and of plain dealing. We like not men who skulk abroad o' nights, bent on their own convenience.

ARCHER. — Am I to take it, sir, that you reproach me with "skulking abroad o' nights" and "bent on their own convenience"?

RUSSELL. — Reproach were a mild term. An' you are particular in your words, condemn would suit you better. Have you forgotten last night so soon? (*The captain scowls. Beadell and Percy prick up their ears.*) Oh, then I'll refresh your memory and acquaint you with my little story. Know you last night, tormented by those stinging flies, I

lay until I could endure their stings no longer. So I stepped outside my cabin to drink at the spring over yonder. It was long past midnight, yet distinctly on the air came the sound of low murmured talking, and then the smell of smoke and the savor of good meat cooking. I tiptoed carefully over and found our good captain here was having a party at midnight. He and his friend were smoking and salting the remains of a deer to be put by for their further pleasure. Is that not so, Captain Archer?

ARCHER. — You lie, John Russell.

RUSSELL. — There's a law against duelling at home, but none as yet in Virginia.

ARCHER. — How can you prove that you yourself did not join us to smoke the deer and then to tell from a spirit of malice? Or might we not have been about the president's own business?

RUSSELL. — I' faith, I'll ask him, if you like. But if you like better you may take him the deer to divide among the company. It would make much better fare than barley meal with water.

ARCHER. — Sir, you shall not dictate. Remember, you are not at court, sir, that ——

BEADELL. — By my conscience, gentlemen, you hear the worthy captain. We're not at court! I' faith, good captain, thou sayest right,

we are not. An' were we, I would contrive to steal me a dinner from the back window of the palace (*bowing low*). At half-past two I will meet you, on the second terrace, near the sun-dial, with a bottle of ale 'neath one arm and a pigeon pie 'neath the other, nay (*looking half in earnest, half in jest toward the captain*) let it be venison — a venison pasty well-browned. I remember 'twas always a favorite.

(*Exit, whistling, amid the laughter of all save Archer*)

ARCHER (*turning on Russell*). — You hound! He has gone to tell. I'll settle with you hereafter —— (*Rushes off after Beadell.*)

PERCY. — You have gained an enemy, friend, and one who will stick like a plaster.

RUSSELL. — An enemy? Faith, that's something. 'Tis the first thing I've gained in Virginia, save the blisters on my hands and the hunger in my stomach.

PERCY. — Be like Gabriel Beadell and live on your imagination. A pigeon pie, by the Gods! How had he the heart to say it?

RUSSELL. — And thou hast the heart to repeat it. Go to, man! Let's to work.

(*Enter Beadell*)

BEADELL. — Gentlemen, your pardon for coming empty-handed, but I bring you good

news. I am the bearer of glad tidings. The Captain, in all haste, has dragged the deer to the council, and swears it is smoked and salted to be eaten this very hour. He bids all come and feast against to-morrow's hunger.

MASSASOIT'S ILLNESS

A STORY OF HOW CAPTAIN WINSLOW COOKED SOME CHICKEN BROTH WITHOUT THE CHICKEN

CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN WINSLOW . . . *sent by Governor Bradford to visit Massasoit*
HAMDEN . . . . . *companion to Winslow*
HABBAMOCK . . . . . *their Indian guide*
MASSASOIT . . *the chief of the Indians, who is very ill*
OTHER INDIANS

SCENE

The Interior of Massasoit's wigwam, late at night. Massasoit lies on a low couch. The medicine men of the tribe in a circle around him are charming away the evil spirits. They are casting spells in order that Massasoit may go unhindered on his journey to the spirit land.

(*The Indians chant*)

Neen womasee Sagimus, neen womasee Sagimus — Oh loving Sachem, oh loving Sachem. The wise men have interceded for thee. Into the arms of the Great Spirit wilt thou be gathered shortly. O neen womasee Sagimus.

(*They sit silent for a while, their heads bowed in their arms, then one by one they steal out. Enter Habbamock*)

HABBAMOCK. — Father, the English are here. They are come to see you.

MASSASOIT. — What men among the English?

HABBAMOCK. — Winslow, the great Englishman, and one other.

MASSASOIT. — Let them enter — I will see them.

(*Habbamock goes out. Enter Winslow and Hamden*)

MASSASOIT (*stretching out his hand*). — Art thou there? Is it thou, Winslow?

WINSLOW. — Yes, father, it is I — Winslow.

MASSASOIT. — Oh, Winslow, I shall never behold thee again! All is dark now before mine eyes. The Great Father is calling my spirit.

WINSLOW. — Massasoit, the English are sorrowful at the news of thy illness. The governor himself would come to see thee, but he cannot. In his place he sends me, with many messages and with herbs that may do you good. I will have made for thee a cooling draught which thou must drink. (*Habbamock brings in the drink in a small stone vessel.*) Here, drink, Massasoit.

(*Winslow and Hamden raise him to a half-sitting position. Massasoit drinks. Then they lay him down again*)

Now, Massasoit, we will go for the night. If you should want us, send Habbamock to us. We sleep near you in his wigwam.

MASSASOIT. — No, Winslow, do not leave me. Already I feel better. Thy coming has driven away the evil spirit that darkened mine eyes. Now do I begin to see. Abide here a little longer.

WINSLOW. — Very well. But we have come a long journey and we must have sleep. We will lie down by the fire.

(*The two men and Habbamock roll in their blankets and lie down*)

HAMDEN. — Do you think he will grow better, Captain?

WINSLOW. — Yes, with care he will grow stronger. These Indians have no notion of caring for the sick after the English fashion.

MASSASOIT. — Winslow! Winslow! Art thou there?

WINSLOW. — Yes, Massasoit! What would you? (*He gets up and goes over to him.*)

MASSASOIT. — Winslow, make me some broth, such as thy brothers gave me at Plymouth.

WINSLOW. — How named they thy broth, Massasoit? Canst thou remember?

MASSASOIT. — 'Twas at the great Feast of the Harvest that they gave me to drink of it. 'Twas cooked with a chicken and tasted very good. Make me some now, I pray thee.

WINSLOW. — Listen! When the morning comes, my brother and I will go and shoot the wild fowl. Then canst thou have broth in plenty.

MASSASOIT. — No, no, now! Winslow, now! Massasoit is hungry!

WINSLOW. — Listen, father. There is no chicken.

MASSASOIT. — What matters that to thee, Winslow? Make it without the chicken.

WINSLOW. — Without the chicken! Very well, Massasoit, rest easy. Thou shalt have it.

(*Winslow goes over and arouses Habbamock*)

WINSLOW. — Habbamock, go fetch me one of the women. Tell her to bring corn and the means of grinding it. (*He goes out.*)

HAMDEN (*coming forward*). — What is this, Winslow? Must you turn cook?

WINSLOW. — Aye, and make a broth of chicken — without the chicken. (*Enter Habbamock and a squaw with corn and grinding stones.*) Thou hast corn? That is right. (*To Habbamock*) Tell her to bruise the corn so as to take the flour from it and to set the grit, or broken corn, in a pipkin with water. Tell her

to do as I have said, and then to place the whole over the fire. (*Habbamock explains aside to the squaw.*) Hamden! What say you to a slice of sassafras root to give it a relish, and some young herbs?

HAMDEN. — The very thing! The dawn is breaking. I will go out and gather some.

WINSLOW. — Gather only the tenderest. Heaven prove that the whole may be a success.

HAMDEN. — I will be speedy.

WINSLOW. — Massasoit, thy broth is brewing. You will have it before the sun is up.

MASSASOIT. — Now do I see that the English are my friends and that they love me. While I live, never shall I forget their kindness to me and always shall I be their friend.

LITTLE PILGRIMS

A STORY OF WHAT THEY SAW IN THE SEA OVER THE SIDE OF THE GOOD SHIP MAYFLOWER

CHARACTERS

DAVID, NANCY, TIMOTHY, JOHN ..... *little Puritans aboard the ship Mayflower.*

CAPTAIN JONES ..... *captain of the ship*

THE MATE AND OTHER SAILORS

SCENE

The deck of the Mayflower, on a bright, sunny afternoon. David, Timothy and Nancy are playing near the side of the ship.

NANCY. — Oh, how evenly the ship rocks today. Like a cradle, down we go, down, down — now, up, up. Dost thou not love the sea, Timothy?

TIMOTHY. — Yes, I love it. I love to watch the water when the wind blows it to a white froth on top.

DAVID. — It is not the wind that makes that white foam.

NANCY. — What makes it? The ship?

DAVID. — No. The sea-horses.

TIMOTHY AND NANCY. — Sea-horses!

DAVID. — Yes, they come swimming through, dozens and dozens of them! It is their crests that float on top and whiten the billows.

NANCY. — Oh, Davie! Didst thou ever see one? A whole one, I mean.

DAVID. — No. The other evening I thought that I saw one, but it was just a wave from the ship.

TIMOTHY. — I don't believe that anyone ever saw one.

DAVID. — Thou art mistaken. My brother, Ralph, saw one. He saw several, when he crossed from England to Holland. The English Channel and the North Sea are full of them — even more than here.

TIMOTHY. — Do they ever come on land?

NANCY. — Why, Timothy, they are sea-horses!

DAVID. — But they do come on land, Nancy. just for a wee while. I think they have wings and can fly along the shore.

NANCY. — Oh, there is mother on deck! Oh, how glad I am to see her! She has been so ill. I must go to her. Call me, David, if you should see one.

(*She moves off*)

DAVID. — I should hate being ill. I hate to stay below in that dark, ill-smelling cabin.

Dost thou know, Timothy, I think we might have seen the horses during that storm, last week, had not Captain Jones closed the hatchways and kept us locked below.

TIMOTHY. — Hush! Look! Dost thou see it?

DAVID. — Where? Where?

TIMOTHY. — Oh, now it is gone.

DAVID. — Dost thou think it was one?

TIMOTHY. — I cannot be sure, but I think so.

DAVID. — Oh, why didst thou not tell me sooner!

TIMOTHY. — I did, but thou couldst not see where I meant for you to look.

DAVID. — Oh, here come Nancy and John! (*He calls*) Hurry! Hurry! We have great news for thee. (*John and Nancy come in.*) Oh, John! Oh, Nancy! We have seen a sea-horse. That is, Timothy saw it. When I looked, it was too late.

NANCY. — Oh, why was not I here! Oh, Timothy, what did it look like?

TIMOTHY. — It had green eyes with red fires in them. I saw it, right over there. It had a long white mane that lashed the water, just as David said.

DAVID. — Did it have wings?

TIMOTHY. — I don't think they were wings, but it had something growing on its shoulders.

NANCY. — Why fins, of course, like the fishes

have. Why, those must be what sea-horses have, David — fins, not wings.

TIMOTHY. — Yes, fins. I am sure that is what they were, Nancy.

JOHN. — I never heard of sea-horses.

DAVID. — Well, if thou wilt watch out, mayhap thou wilt see one. Let us all look right down in the water.

(*They all stretch over the rail and look into the water*)

TIMOTHY. — I do not believe there are any more. The sea has been growing quieter every moment. The horses must all have gone to the bottom.

JOHN. — Perhaps we can whistle them up again. (*He whistles. All the boys whistle.*)

TIMOTHY. — Here come Captain Jones and the mate. Shall we tell them?

NANCY. — Oh, no.

DAVID. — They — they wouldn't understand.

(*Captain Jones and the mate come in*)

CAPTAIN JONES. — Here, my little folk, keep away from the side there! It is dangerous to hang over, in that fashion. A sudden roll of the ship and in you go, head foremost! *Remember*, keep away. (*The captain and mate talk aside. Presently they begin to haul down the sails.*)

JOHN. — Captain Jones, why do you take down the sails?

CAPTAIN JONES. — There is no wind blowing to fill them, my small sir. We must go under bare poles, till a gale blows up. See, how smooth the sea is! (*He and the mate walk away.*)

DAVID. — Yes, see how smooth the sea is!

NANCY. — It looks as if we could slide on it.

DAVID. — The captain thinks it is the wind that makes the sea white and billowy. But we know otherwise, do we not?

THE CHILDREN. — Oh, yes! Yes!

NANCY. — We know it is the sea-horses.

DAVID. — But we must keep it as a great secret.

THE BEGINNING OF NEGRO SLAVERY

A STORY OF THE FIRST LANDING OF SLAVES IN VIRGINIA BY A DUTCH SCHOONER

CHARACTERS

JOHN WHETENHALL, PHILIP TRENDELL ..... *colonists*
SIMON ..... *a bound servant to Trendell*
GOVERNOR YEARDLEY ... *governor of the colony*
SETTLERS, NEGROES, ETC.

SCENE

The river front at Jamestown.

(*Enter Whetenhall and Trendell*)

WHETENHALL. — The governor speaks right about the matter. These fields be wasting away for lack of sturdy men.

TRENDELL. — I could double my year's crop, had I five more hearty fellows. Methinks I shall apply to the company to have that number bound out to me from England.

WHETENHALL. — Nay! I'd rather take the red men to till my lands. The company has

sent us one cargo of London paupers and jail-birds. We will not shortly look to them again.

TRENDELL. — But the land is going to waste!

WHETENHALL. — Let me advise you! Take some man of the town. Induce him to give back his land to the company and to join you for his hire.

TRENDELL. — What man, think you, will give up his fifty acres to tend to mine? Why, this is not England, man; this is Virginia, where we are all to make our fortunes, over night!

WHETENHALL. — Have you marked Silas Wright and Walter Green? Already are they discouraged, and making every shift to hie them back to London.

TRENDELL. — If the land holds them not, neither can I. When a man both ——

WHETENHALL. — Look you, yonder — adown the river — across that clump of trees!

TRENDELL. — A sail, by my faith!

WHETENHALL. — Three masts! What say you? A man of war?

(*Enter Simon, running, with two or three men panting at his heels*)

SIMON (*much out of breath and bursting with excitement*). — Masters! Masters! Have you seen her? A schooner! There, you can see her masts — coming up the river!

WHETENHALL. — A man of war?

SIMON. — Yea, with two guns mounted.

FIRST MAN. — She hath put out a boat.

TRENDELL. — What colors does she fly?

SECOND MAN. — None, your honor. Peter (*pointing to the first man*) and I saw her across the long meadow. Not a rag nor a ribbon flew at the mast-head.

(*Enter, some men and boys*)

FIRST BOY. — A Dutch schooner! A Dutch schooner!

SIMON. — Hath she shown her colors?

WHETENHALL. — How knowest thou she is Dutch?

SECOND BOY. — A flag at her mast-head, sir. The Dutch flag, my father said. The governor is coming and the gentlemen of his council, and a great crowd of other men. There is a boat coming up the river. It is sent out by ——

SIMON. — Thank Heaven this be no Spanish galoon! I'd like not to have my throat cut.

WHETENHALL. — There, she rounds the curve! A Dutch flag! Thou art right, boy. (*A great cheer goes up from the assembled group.*)

(*Enter the governor and a large crowd of colonists*)

GOVERNOR YEARDLEY (*coming through the crowd, which falls back to make way*). — Is it the

Dutch flag? Ah, Trendell, tell me, is it a Dutch schooner?

TRENDELL (*talking with the governor, who, in his excitement, keeps taking a pinch of snuff*). — There, you can see her plainly, your honor. Dutch, I take it, and lucky for us.

THE GOVERNOR.—Yes! Yes! Ah! Two boats. That is queer!

WHETENHALL. — Your excellency, I think they are bringing ashore a cargo of negroes.

TRENDELL. — That is right. Look you, I count eleven in the first boat, and ten in the second.

YEARDLEY. — A Dutch trader with slaves, I take it. (*Another cheer from the colonists is answered by the men in the boats. The boats come to shore and the Dutch captain and his crew with the negroes are landed.*)

THE GOVERNOR. — You are the captain, I take it?

CAPTAIN. — Yes, your honor! I put into this port with the good ship Swallow. She lies out yonder in the river.

(*The colonists, eager to hear, press close. The negroes, passive and motionless, are standing in a group*)

THE GOVERNOR (*indicating the blacks*). — So this is your cargo?

THE CAPTAIN. — You are right. I have twenty fine fellows here. (*Turning to the negroes and motioning to a huge black*) Come hither! So, stretch forth thy arm. (*Turning to the governor*) If you will but feel of it, your honor can see how hard the muscles are. They are like steel. And the back (*turning the negro around*), you will notice how broad. And remark his chest!

(*During this time, the number of colonists is increasing — the men pushing and crowding to get a nearer view of the blacks*)

THE GOVERNOR. — But be these fellows docile? We like not savages in Virginia, captain!

THE CAPTAIN. — Your excellency can see for himself. They will prove good men to work in your fields. I have been told the colony lacked such men.

WHETENHALL (*turning to Trendell*). — Here is your chance, friend. Providence is making a speedy answer to your prayer.

TRENDELL. — What is your price for that fellow (*pointing to the large black*), master captain?

SIMON. — Nay, sir! Stop a bit, before you buy a heathen like that. He can speak naught of a God-fearing tongue.

CAPTAIN. — Thou art too hasty, Old Man. Rhufas!

(*A slim black boy steps hesitatingly from the group*)

CAPTAIN. — Are you ready for work?

NEGRO. — Yes, massa.

CAPTAIN. — Tell this good fellow your name — your new name, mind you.

NEGRO. — Ma name, Rhufas, massa.

TRENDELL. — And your prices, Captain? What ask you for your stock?

THE CAPTAIN. — I will trade them for tobacco, sir.

TRENDELL (*turning to the governor*). — What does your excellency say, if we go up to the hall, and talk this matter over?

THE GOVERNOR. — How long can you delay, captain?

THE CAPTAIN. — Until the tide in the morning.

THE GOVERNOR. — Then come with us, and see if we can drive a bargain.

CAPTAIN (*to the mate*). — Bring the negroes along.

(*Exeunt governor with captain; the rest follow*)

THE STRATEGY OF DIRECTOR KIEFT

A STORY OF HOW THE MONEY WAS RAISED FOR THE BUILDING OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN NEW AMSTERDAM

CHARACTERS

DOMINI BOGARDUS. . *minister in New Amsterdam*
THE BRIDE . . . . . *his daughter*
THE GROOM. . . . . *a merchant of New Amsterdam*
DIRECTOR KIEFT. . *Governor of New Netherlands*
FIRST COUNCILLOR, SECOND COUNCILLOR, THIRD COUNCILLOR . . . . *officers on Kieft's staff*
OTHER GUESTS AT THE MARRIAGE

SCENE

The wedding breakfast under the trees in Domini's garden. The company are making merry around the banquet table.

FIRST GUEST. — Come, come, my fine bridegroom. A speech! A speech!

OTHER GUESTS. — Yes, a speech! A speech!

FIRST GUEST. — Why, look how he blushes!

He is as bashful as the first day he was taken to school.

SECOND GUEST. — Must we appeal to the Governor? Must we use force?

(*The bride leans over and whispers to the groom*)

FIRST GUEST. — Look you, Domini, your daughter is prompting him what to say.

DOMINI BOGARDUS. — Aye! Now must he allow himself to be prompted for the rest of his life.

(*The groom, very much embarrassed, rises*)

THE GROOM. — Good friends, you have asked for a speech. Yet you know I am no fine speaker, but a plain man dealing in plain words and deeds. To-day, you must see for yourselves how happy, how joyful I am! The Lord hath blessed me with a woman whose goodness and worth you all know. Her, as I vowed this morning, do I hope to cherish and love forever. And now, good friends, we must be going to our new home. We have some distance to ride, so we bid you farewell.

THE GUESTS. — Here's luck to you, and all happiness. Farewell! Farewell! May God speed you!

(*The bride and bridegroom get up*)

DOMINI BOGARDUS. — Farewell, my children, God be with you.

THE BRIDE AND GROOM. — Good-bye, good friends, good-bye!

THE GUESTS. — Good-bye and good luck!

(*The bride and groom go out*)

GOVERNOR KIEFT (*drawing aside his three councillors*). — My friends, I have a scheme to propose to our worthy burghers, here, in regard to the building of a church. When they are grown quite merry and light-hearted I will speak. You must uphold me. Do you understand?

THE COUNCILLORS. — Yes! Yes!

FIRST COUNCILLOR. — We will uphold you in everything. Be assured.

GOVERNOR KIEFT. — Come, then, let us sit down.

(*They go over to the table*)

DOMINI BOGARDUS. — Come, mein Herr Director, sit you down. Our supply of sack will not last forever. Good neighbor, send the jug to Director Kieft. I tell you it is not every day that a man gives so worthy a daughter to so worthy a husband.

FIRST GUEST. — Faith, no. A fine speech that was — plain, very plain. I like that! No hedging or dodging or playing see-saw — yes, a fine man.

SECOND GUEST. — And a fine woman. You must not forget the woman, friend. Yes,

thank you, neighbor, fill it up. (*He drinks from his mug.*)

THIRD GUEST. — Yes, she will make a good wife. She is an honest, thrifty girl, who can get more coats from a piece of homespun than any other lass that I know.

GOVERNOR KIEFT. — Yes. They will make good partners. That is a fine house that has been built for them. That is what we have need of in the colony — good houses to shelter our good people.

THE GUESTS. — Well spoken! Well spoken! You say right, governor.

GOVERNOR KIEFT. — The New Netherlands are growing. We are becoming prosperous.

FIRST GUEST. — We are an enterprising colony. We will be a rich colony some day.

FIRST COUNCILLOR. — We will be a mighty colony, for we have a mighty governor.

THE GUESTS. — Here is your health, Director Kieft. Three cheers for our Honorable Director!

GOVERNOR KIEFT. — But, good people, there is one thing missing — one important thing that we lack.

THE GUESTS. — Name it — name it.

GOVERNOR KIEFT. — We are, as you all have acknowledged, an honorable, a growing, and a prosperous colony. We are God-fearing. We love and reverence our good domini ——

THE GUESTS. — Yes, yes, here's to the domini, God bless him!

GOVERNOR KIEFT. — And yet, friends, we have given our domini no church, no pulpit from whence to preach the word of God. Let us, this day, resolve to build a church.

THE COUNCILLORS. — Yes, yes, a church, by all means.

GOVERNOR KIEFT. — Here! I will give towards it twenty gold pieces!

FIRST COUNCILLOR. — And I ten.

SECOND COUNCILLOR. — And I twelve.

GOVERNOR KIEFT. — Domini, fetch me ink and paper. (*Domini Bogardus goes out.*)

THIRD COUNCILLOR. — Oh, 'tis a grand idea. There is no other colony that has a church.

FIRST GUEST. — We will not be backward. We will not be behind the times. I will give five guilders.

THIRD GUEST. — Here's to our new church. May it be the best of its kind.

(*Domini Bogardus comes in with pen and paper*)

GOVERNOR KIEFT. — Here is the domini with pen and paper. Come write down your names and what you will subscribe.

FIRST GUEST. — Let me put my name.

SECOND GUEST. — And let me.

THIRD GUEST. — Here! Here! Give me the pen!

(*They push and shove in their eagerness to write their names*)

GOVERNOR KIEFT (*aside to the first councillor*). —You see how the scheme works. I will have a pretty subscription. Each one who signs his name will pay the amount that he puts beside it. (*Aloud*) Thank you, my good people. I see that you are both generous and willing. May Heaven prosper the first church in our land!

DOMINI BOGARDUS. — May Heaven bless our wise and mighty director.

AN ENCOUNTER IN THE FOREST

A STORY OF THE EARLY DAYS IN MASSACHUSETTS

CHARACTERS

SAMUEL FULLER ..... *a colonist*
EDWARD FULLER ..... *his son, a boy of ten*
JOHN ALDEN, WILLIAM MULLINS ..... *colonists*
SAMOSET ..... *an Indian*

SCENE

A *small forest clearing, where the men are cutting wood.*

FULLER. — It is growing too late for work. It is blind man's holiday and time to leave.

ALDEN. — My back says it is high time.

FULLER. — Mine has been crying out this half hour. Run, Edward, to the top of yonder rise and fetch my hat. 'Tis hanging on the tree under which we ate.

(*Edward goes out*)

(*Calling after him*) Be wary! I killed a snake there, this afternoon.

EDWARD (*from without*). — Yes, father!

MULLINS. — We had better roll the logs together, against to-morrow's hauling. The road had best be mended. 'Tis full of holes even now and the undergrowth is not all burned out.

FULLER. — I shall see about the matter this very night. Some of the stronger boys shall be put to work to dig out the snags and fill the holes.

(*There is the sound of some one running headlong and tearing through the forest. There is a cry of, "Oh! oh!" The men seize their guns and peer into the growing dark*)

FULLER (*starting forward*). — 'Tis Edward! (*Edward runs in*) What made thee run? Didst thou see a snake?

EDWARD (*panting*). — No! No!

ALDEN. — Why art thou frightened, boy? Tell us what happened.

EDWARD. — I got to the space we cleared. Just as I was reaching for your hat, some one spoke to me from the bushes.

FULLER. — 'Twas naught but the evening wind! Thy sister would be braver! I am grieved and surprised that thou art lacking in bravery.

EDWARD. — Nay, father. 'Twas a voice. Some one moved in the bushes.

ALDEN. — Why, I take it, 'twas the pixies.

EDWARD. — Do they live here?

ALDEN. — What, hast thou not heard of the pixies?

FULLER. — Nay, he was reared in Holland, on solid Dutch cheese and buttermilk away from all such nonsense. Come help with these logs and then we must make for home.

EDWARD. — Tell me about them! Did you ever see them?

ALDEN. — Nay, I never saw them, but I know all about them. They are little folk, thou must know, and they may be seen only at night time. Then they dance and sing on the moors by the hundred and by the thousand. The traveller, journeying late, is sometimes caught and surrounded. Once, in the long ago, on a cloudy day in autumn, a yeoman started out to cross the moors of Devon to attend a wedding. It so happened that a pixie roamed abroad, although it was pure daylight. The pixie was very wroth, because she had been shut out from the darkness, so ——

EDWARD. — Hark! Did you not hear something?

FULLER. — Nay! Nay! 'Tis the wind. A very grandame art thou, Alden, with thy old wife's tales.

(*An Indian steps quietly into the clearing. The men grasp their guns*)

SAMOSET. — Welcome, Englishmen! Welcome! I am Samoset, the friend of white man. Samoset brings the message of peace. Samoset will not harm the white man.

FULLER. — Welcome, friend!

SAMOSET. — Shall the white man tell me welcome?

EDWARD. — Welcome — friend. Was — was it you in the bush?

SAMOSET. — Yes, Samoset awaited thy coming. Now lead me to your wigwams — to your big chief. I come from the father, Massasoit. There is love between us. Soon Massasoit will come to smoke the Pipe of Peace with you.

FULLER. — We are glad to receive you, and glad will our people also be.

WAMPUM BELTS

A STORY OF ROGER WILLIAMS IN THE PEQUOT WAR

CHARACTERS

ROGER WILLIAMS . . . *who has bought the land for his colony from the Narragansett Indians*
MIANTONOMO . . . . . *Chief of the Narragansetts*
FIRST MESSENGER, SECOND MESSENGER, THIRD MESSENGER . . . . . *Pequot Indians*
OTHER INDIANS

SCENE

The interior of Miantonomo's wigwam. The chief is sitting alone.

(*An Indian enters*)

INDIAN. — The Pequot belt-bearers have come, sachem.

MIANTONOMO. — Let them come to me.

(*The Indian messengers come in*)

MIANTONOMO. — Speak — we will listen.

FIRST MESSENGER. — Brother, the Pequots have dug up the hatchet. They have painted their faces. The long feathers are in their hair.

Soon, soon will they go upon the war-path. Within three suns when the old moon dies they will go. Here is a token of their going.

(*He hands a belt of wampum to Miantonomo*)

SECOND MESSENGER. — Brother, the Pequots make war against the white man. For many moons past the white man has been their enemy. Where now has the red man to plant his corn? Where now can he hunt the deer? Ever must he build his wigwam towards the setting sun. Ever must he plant his corn towards the setting sun. Where are his mighty rivers? Where are his smiling valleys? Gone, gone, to the white man. There are the white man's cornfields! There are the white man's wigwams. The forest swallows the red man. He walks no more in the land. Where now will he turn his steps? Now he will drive back the white man. He sends this as a token.

(*He hands him a belt of wampum*)

THIRD MESSENGER. — Brother, you, too, have suffered. You, too, have lost your cornfields. What love is there in your heart for your pale-faced neighbors? What kindness do you expect, what benefits do you receive from the white chiefs? They will drive you, too, from the land, from the pleasant, smiling valleys.

Brother, will you take the hatchet and put aside the peace pipe? Will you go on the war-path to drive away the white man? Brother, give me a token!

(*Roger Williams, who has entered during the latter part of this speech, comes forward*)

Roger Williams. — Miantonomo, let me answer. Let me speak to these Pequot envoys. (*Miantonomo nods assent.*) Here have I come through the storm, through the rain, through the wind, and through the lightning. I have come to plead with my friends that they shall close their ears to your evil words and sayings. Great sachem, have I not been thy friend? Am I not a pale-face? Narragansett chief, have I ever done aught to offend you? These Pequots speak untruths. Their tongues are false and lying. Have I not paid for my land? Have I not fairly bought it from you? Have I sought to drive you forth or have I ever harmed or molested you? I have given you to eat of my corn. I have opened to you my wigwam. You have come to me in trouble, in sorrow, and in sickness. I have healed your aches and your pains. I have comforted your sorrows. In all things have I been as a kindly and loving brother. Is it not so? I ask you. Now will you join with these others to lay waste my

wigwams and cornfields, to slay my sons and to wear their scalps at your belt? Is this the way you will repay my kindness, my loving care and my friendship? Answer me, Miantonomo. Nay, answer not in words — but according to thy token.

MIANTONOMO. — Brothers, we have heard. In three suns, when the moon lies dying, you will go upon the war-path. You will uncover the hatchet to bear it against the white man. You must not call on Miantonomo and his braves to bear the hatchet with you. (*He pauses.*) You must go alone. Miantonomo does not take the war-path against his friends. The white men are his friends. It is not the truth you have spoken. Go back to your chief and bear this as my token. (*He breaks a hatchet in two and hands it to them.*)

(*The Pequots go out*)

ROGER WILLIAMS. — Miantonomo! May the Great Spirit bless you forever. This night you have done to my people a mighty service which shall not be forgotten.

THE PILGRIMS IN HOLLAND

A STORY OF THE STAY IN LEYDEN

CHARACTERS

SAMUEL FULLER ..... *an English exile*
JANE FULLER ..... *his wife*
EDWARD ..... *a boy of eleven, his son*
MATILDA ..... *his small daughter of eight*

SCENE

The little garden at the back of Samuel Fuller's house. Jane is sewing on a bench by the door. The children run in crying, "Mutter! Mutter!"

JANE. — What, home at last? Come, tell me, was it a good day?

EDWARD. — Yah! yah!

MATILDA. — Och, yah! Mutter, einen ——

JANE (*clapping her hands to her ears*). — Nay, nay, in *English!* How often must I tell you! Now speak out, Edward. Thou wert good and gave the dame no trouble?

EDWARD. — Yes, I was good, mother, only ——

JANE. — Only what?

(*Matilda begins to giggle*)

EDWARD. — Well, Jacob Wisner pinched me, and I cried aloud, and then I had to wear the dunce cap, and stand in the corner.

JANE. — Why, Edward!

EDWARD. — You need not be ashamed. I waited after school and thrashed him well behind the schoolhouse.

JANE (*catching him to her*). — Oh, my little Englishman! My true little Englishman! And Matilda, wert thou no better than thy brother?

MATILDA. — Nay, I was good, only I could not do my sums.

JANE. — Thou wilt do better to-morrow. Now run off and play, but speak no word of Dutch, remember!

MATILDA. — We will pay you a gulden for every word that we speak.

EDWARD. — Ho! Ho! There! Thou hast spoken one already!

JANE. — Run along! Run along!

(*The children run off and Samuel Fuller comes out from the house*)

SAMUEL. — Did I not hear the children?

JANE. — Yea. Here are their books. I have just sent them off to play.

SAMUEL. — Happy little rogues, who know no discontent!

JANE. — Oh! They will break my heart, Reared in this alien land, they will be Dutch! not English.

SAMUEL. — Nay, they will be English. Our traditions will uphold them. It is true that we are not so many, but ——

JANE. — Not many! Dear Lord, we are so few. There is John Carver next door, and Christopher Martin beyond and Edward Winslow across the canal. Oh, I could name them all and so few, so pitifully few! The townsfolk could drown us all in any one of their ditches and the water would not rise an inch.

(*She laughs ruefully*)

SAMUEL. — These Dutch have been very kind, very kind and considerate.

JANE. — Yes, therein lies the danger. Were they fiercely hated, our people would draw tight together and cherish our language and customs. Not a Dutch term would creep in, not a name nor an intonation! But daily we meet them as friends. We address them as Herr and Frau. And the children — they call me — mutter.

(*She begins to cry, but recovers herself*)

SAMUEL. — Blessed are they who have suffered persecution for justice's sake. Dost thou not remember? Such was the text of the sermon preached the first Sunday we landed.

JANE. — Yes, I remember. But how will it be with our children, and with their children and with their children's children? They will marry among the neighbors, and the generations, forgetful of us and our exile, will be Dutch.

SAMUEL. — That is a far-away danger. Each day, the talk of America grows stronger. I, for one, am urging speedy measures for departure.

JANE. — I would willingly go to-morrow, for *there* at least are rivers, and trees and mountains. Here, there is only an endless plain, relieved by ditches and windmills. Sometimes, I lie awake at night, and remember, when I was a little girl, how the wind rushed through the live oaks. I seem to hear the soft thud, thud of the cows as they came home down the lane from the meadow.

SAMUEL. — Come, we will go in and have tea, and when I talk with Miles Standish to-night, may God prosper our plans for a speedy voyage to the new world.

JANE. — Amen!

POCAHONTAS IN LONDON

A STORY OF HOW THE LORDS AND LADIES OF THE COURT TREATED POCAHONTAS AS A PRINCESS, DAUGHTER OF THE EMPEROR POWHATAN

CHARACTERS

LADY DELAWARE ..... *sponsor for Pocahontas*
SIR CHARLES BIMBLEY . . *a fashionable gentleman of the court*
LORD CAREW, SIR MAURICE BERKELEY } *gentlemen interested in America*
POCAHONTAS . . . . *known to London society as the Lady Rebekah*
THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD . . *a reigning beauty*
LADY STUTTINGHAM . . *but newly married and come to London*

SCENE

An antechamber in the fashionable house of my Lord Delaware in London.

(*Enter Lord Carew and Sir Maurice*)

LORD CAREW. — By my conscience, man, I have been hunting thee all night! A man with business at the back of his head never gets a

chance to air it, with the ceaseless chatter, chatter of these feminine geese.

SIR MAURICE. — Nay, not so hard as that, my Lord! There be a swan or two among their number.

LORD CAREW. — We'll let it go at that. I' faith, I thought so, too, once. Now tell me — hast thou seen the King?

SIR MAURICE. — Nay, that I have not. Thou knowest how it is — "To-morrow, Sir Maurice! In a day, Sir Maurice! When I've seen the Chancellor, Sir Maurice! Never, Sir Maurice!" I tell you, my Lord, it's a hopeless task we're bent on.

LORD CAREW. — Nay, not so hopeless, neither. 'Tis a concession that will benefit not only both our companies, but the coffers of the King. When thou canst get his ear ——

(*Enter the Countess of Bedford and Lady Stuttingham*)

COUNTESS OF BEDFORD. — Oh, pardon — a thousand pardons, my lords, if we intrude! We are but looking for the Lady Rebekah. Lady Delaware hath spirited her away.

LORD CAREW. — She is not here, madam.

SIR MAURICE. — Tell me, Countess — thou art a woman and should know — how doth she charm the men?

COUNTESS OF BEDFORD. — You can answer that question for yourself, sir! Yet, i' faith, she is no beauty.

SIR MAURICE. — Albeit she is the daughter of an Emperor!

LORD CAREW. — I've seen Emperors' daughters before that were no better favored.

COUNTESS. — Ah! I see nature favors only a shepherdess or a milk-maid!

SIR MAURICE. — Nay, Countess! 'Tis not so bad as that. Where we find beauty, we worship it. (*Kisses the hand of the countess.*)

LORD CAREW. — An ill-turned compliment! I'd not render him *my* hand on't.

LADY STUTTINGHAM. — And yet methinks ——

SIR MAURICE. — And yet —— Come, what think you, lady?

LADY STUTTINGHAM. — I was about to say the Lady Rebekah is not so ill-looking. She hath dark, serious eyes, and a stately bearing, albeit she is such a young thing.

THE COUNTESS (*mock serious*). — Dark, serious eyes, and a stately manner! Ho! Ho! My lords, what say you? Shall I not draw a better picture and add (*sweeping up and down the room*) a royal chin, a clanking sword, and great renown, won in the war in Flanders!

LADY STUTTINGHAM. — Oh, hush! I prithee, hush! Here comes the Indian maiden.

(*Enter Pocahontas with Lady Delaware, followed by Sir Charles Bimbley. The gentlemen press forward to kiss Pocahontas's hand. The ladies make sweeping courtesies*)

SIR MAURICE. — What, your ladyship, not dancing?

LADY DELAWARE. — Nay, I have brought the child away. 'Twas too much light and noise and music. Sir Charles was all for teaching her the gavotte, far off in a corner.

SIR CHARLES. — Here is the very place, Madam! Lady Rebekah, would you not like to dance? Come, learn and benefit your sisters. The pretty ladies are all forlorn; for you, not dancing, keep the gallants about you, and they cannot dance without them. What say you — have I leave to teach you?

POCAHONTAS. — How should I say? (*Turning to Lady Delaware*) Lady, what asks he of me?

LADY DELAWARE. — Sir Charles wants to teach you to dance, child. (*As Pocahontas looks puzzled and frowns*) He wishes to teach you what they were doing in yonder. Didst thou never dance in thy forest home in Virginia?

POCAHONTAS. — Ah, yes! Many, many were

our dances! Yet they were not like these — not walking.

SIR CHARLES. — Then come! We'll teach you how to tread a measure.

(*Sir Charles, holding Pocahontas's hand in his, walks to the middle of the room*)

SIR CHARLES.— Now to begin with, a courtesy — so! Now you step to the right — I step to the left. Another courtesy — now swing back in place, and courtesy over again. Now place your foot across and point — in this wise — not so. You must sway a little more.

POCAHONTAS. — Sway? Sway?

LADY DELAWARE. — Enough, Sir Charles, enough! She cannot manage her tongue much less her heels.

LADY CAREW. — Thou art a rare lance, Sir Charles, with thy courtesy backward, and courtesy forward, and courtesy across. 'Tis nothing but dip, dip, like a ship at sea. Not so did they dance the gavotte in my day. Your hand, Lady Rebekah!

LADY DELAWARE. — Oh, my Lord! I ——

LORD CAREW. — Nay, Madame, I'll not be gainsaid.

(*Enter John Smith*)

POCAHONTAS (*running to Smith*). — Oh, my father! My great, white father!

LORD CAREW. — The lady may not dance, but 'tis plain she can run.

SMITH. — Why, Lady Rebekah! Why, Madame, who would have thought to see you here, so English and so gorgeous!

POCAHONTAS. — My white father has forgotten.

SMITH. — Forgotten?

POCAHONTAS. — I am not the Lady Rebekah, but thy daughter, Pocahontas. Father, call me daughter.

SMITH. — Daughter, I have not forgotten, but thy new name sits well upon thee. (*Coming forward and bowing to the company*) Oh, Lady Delaware, your pardon! This child claimed my attention, else I had not been remiss in paying my respects to you.

LADY DELAWARE. — You are welcome, John Smith. 'Tis long since you favored us with a visit.

SMITH. — You must remember, lady, I am only lately a whole man again. Now I claim your leave to conduct this lady to her husband.

LADY DELAWARE. — Yes, do so, for (*turning to Pocahontas*) — Sooth, I think thou art tired, sweet. We have wearied thee.

POCAHONTAS. — Nay, Madam is good — All good.

LADY DELAWARE. — Go, pretty! Good night! I will see thee again on the morrow.

(*The lords and ladies bow low. Exit Pocahontas and John Smith*)

LADY STUTTINGHAM. — How those eyes of hers look through and through whatever they fall upon.

LADY DELAWARE. — She is but a child, a little lonesome child who is wearying for the forests of Virginia. Come, shall we join the dance? We'll have partners now, Sir Charles. What think you?

SIR CHARLES. That you shall be mine. Your hand on't!

(*Exeunt all but Lord Carew and Sir Maurice*)

LORD CAREW. — A plague on the dance! Come, let's into the garden, and there let's talk in peace.

(*Exeunt*)

THE EASTER RABBIT

A STORY OF THE EARLY DAYS OF NEW YORK

CHARACTERS

ROLAF ..... *a poor boy*
ROSA ..... *his small sister*
GRANNY ..... *their grandmother*
JACOB ..... *brother of Catrina*
CATRINA ..... *sister of Jacob*
HEINRICH ..... *the friend of Jacob and Catrina*
ANNETJE ..... *one of their playmates*
THE MOTHER AND FATHER OF JACOB AND CATRINA
OTHER BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE VILLAGE

SCENE I

An open field. The children are dancing while Heinrich plays on a flute. They stamp at the end of the measure.

THE CHILDREN. — Play us another tune, another, yes, another.

HEINRICH. — Nay, I must rest a moment, I must get my breath.

THE CHILDREN. — Yes! Yes! Let us all rest a moment — just for a moment.

(*They throw themselves upon the ground*)

(*A voice calls from a distance*) "Annetje! Annetje!"

ANNETJE. — Come, come, little ones, we must go. There is mother calling.

THE VOICE. — Annetje!

ANNETJE. — Yes mother, I am coming! (*Annetje runs off, with three of the smaller children following.*)

FIRST CHILD. — I must go, too. It is getting late.

SECOND CHILD. — Wait, wait, I will go with you. (*Heinrich begins to play softly.*)

JACOB. — Look! here comes Rolaf and his baby sister.

CATRINA. — They are very poor. Are they not, Jacob?

JACOB. — Yes, they live all alone with old granny. Mother says that old granny is much too old to take care of them.

(*Rolaf and Rosa come in*)

CATRINA. — Good-day, Rolaf. How is thy small Rosa?

ROLAF. — Good-day, everyone. Rosa is well,

thank you, Catrina. She heard the music and cried to come here.

CATRINA. — Didst thou cry to come here? Come, Rosa, come. Thou and I will dance together. Play, Heinrich!

(*Catrina whirls Rosa around. Rosa shouts with delight. The boys cry, "Great dancing, Catrina! Fine! Fine!"*)

ROLAF. — Where are all the others, this afternoon?

JACOB. — Oh, not many were here. They stayed at home to color Easter eggs. Thou surely hast not forgotten that to-morrow is Easter Sunday?

HEINRICH. —We colored our eggs this morning.

CATRINA. — On some we made little pictures. Some we striped. Oh, they are lovely, Rolaf!

JACOB. — We have a whole basket full! How many have you, Rolaf?

ROLAF. — I have none.

THE CHILDREN. — None!

JACOB. — But to-morrow is Easter Sunday!

ROLAF. — Yes, I know; but granny has only one hen, and to-day she didn't lay a single egg, so we have none to color. Come, Rosa, we must go.

ROSA (*crying*). — I want to color Easter eggs.

ROLAF. — Come, granny will wonder where we are. Good-bye!

THE OTHERS. — Good-bye! Good-bye!

ROSA. — I want to color Easter eggs!

(*She goes out crying, with Rolaf*)

CATRINA. — Only think of not having colored eggs on Easter Sunday! How poor they must be!

HEINRICH. — The good Easter Rabbit brings no gifts to poor children, and that is strange, because *they* need them most.

JACOB. — Thou art wrong, Heinrich! At Easter time, the rabbit visits each and every boy and girl who has been good.

HEINRICH. — Nay, it is not so. He will not visit Rolaf. Wait and see.

CATRINA. — Well, we will write a little letter to Mr. Rabbit and tell him to visit Rolaf.

JACOB. — Yes! Yes! We will write it, to-night.

HEINRICH. — Be sure to put in my name.

JACOB. — To be sure. We will run home now and write it.

JACOB AND CATRINA. — Good-bye, Heinrich! We will not forget your name.

HEINRICH.— Good-bye. (*They run off opposite sides of the stage.*)

SCENE II

The living-room in the home of Catrina and Jacob. Catrina stands by Jacob who sits at a table.

CATRINA. — Now we will write the letter. You write it, Jacob.

JACOB. — I must sharpen this quill. (*He sharpens the quill.*)

CATRINA. — Yes. The schoolmaster always sharpens his quill before he writes.

JACOB. — Now I shall begin. (*He reads aloud as he writes slowly*)

"DEAR MR. EASTER RABBIT:

"Please do not forget to visit Rolaf and his sister. Catrina and I are very much afraid you will forget, because Heinrich says you never visit poor people."

CATRINA. — Oh, Jacob! Heinrich would not like you to say that. He would not wish to be mentioned in that way!

JACOB. — Well, I will write more.

"Heinrich wishes very much that you should visit Rolaf. Please do not forget.

"Yours with love,

"JACOB"

Now put your name. (*Catrina writes her name.*)

(*Their mother comes in*)

THE MOTHER. — Come, come, you must go to bed.

THE CHILDREN. — Yes, mother! Yes, mother!

(*Catrina runs and places the letter over the fire-place on the shelf*)

JACOB. — Do you think he will find it there?

CATRINA. — Oh, yes. He cannot fail to see it.

MOTHER. — Now I am ready. Run along! Run along! (*They go out.*)

(*The father comes in. He goes over to the fire-place to warm his hands*)

THE FATHER (*espying the letter*). — Well! Well! What have we here? (*Reading*) "Dear Mr. Easter Rabbit" — Hum! Hum! Hum! "Heinrich says you never visit poor people." Well! Well! "Please do not forget. Yours with love, Jacob and Catrina." (*He laughs.*) What rascals! (*The mother enters.*)

THE FATHER. — Come here, goodwife, and look at this.

THE MOTHER. — Why, it is a letter! (*She reads.*) Oh, are they not good, our children? Oh, are they not good?

THE FATHER. — Dost thou know this Rolaf?

THE MOTHER. — Yes! He and his small sister, Rosa, live with an old woman, very poor, who is,

I believe, their grandmother. They live down in the lane that runs from the Stadt House.

THE FATHER. — Well! Well! Master Rabbit will not have to go much out of his way.

THE MOTHER. — No, it is not very far and I will get a large basket all ready for him.

THE FATHER. — Do not make it too heavy. You know a rabbit cannot carry very much.

(*They go out laughing*)

SCENE III

The doorstep of old granny's house. The door opens and Rolaf comes out.

ROLAF. — Oh, I am too late! The sun is already high. I wonder if it really *does* dance when it rises Easter morning! Now I shall have to wait a whole year again, before I can find out. (*He sees the basket.*) Oh, look! a basket! What *can* be in it? Why, a letter — and colored eggs and sugar cookies! Oh, granny! granny! Come quick!

(*Granny comes out*)

GRANNY. — What is the trouble? How you cry out!

ROLAF. — Oh, granny, look! Cookies and eggs and cakes and a letter which says, "With love from the Easter Rabbit."

GRANNY. — What a joyous Easter we will have! How happy little Rosa will be! (*Rosa comes to the door.*)

ROLAF. — See, Rosa, dear little Rosa! Here are thy colored eggs!

ROSA (*laughing and clapping her hands*). — Oh, pretty, pretty eggs.

ROLAF. — And here come Jacob and Catrina and Heinrich! (*The children come in.*) Look! Look! See what the Easter Rabbit has brought us!

ROSA. — See the pretty eggs!

CATRINA. — Oh! oh! How glad I am!

JACOB. — Oh, what a kind Easter Rabbit! Oh, see the cakes and cookies!

CATRINA. — Why, they are the same kind that he left at our house!

HEINRICH. — Oh, he is a kind rabbit, a very kind rabbit! (*He takes out his flute and plays. The children join hands and dance in a circle. Old Granny keeps time by beating her stick.*)

(*The children sing*)

"Happy, happy, happy are we,
We are as happy, as happy can be."

THE FIRST CROP OF APPLES

A STORY OF PROVIDENCE IN COLONIAL DAYS

CHARACTERS

MARGARET, PATIENCE, AND ANNE } *little girls of the village*

MR. ROGER WILLIAMS. . *the minister of Providence*

MR. BLACKSTONE . . . *a solitary man living seven miles from Providence. He sometimes rides in on his tamed bull to preach for Roger Williams*

ADAM . . . . . *servant to Mr. Williams*

SCENE

Mr. Blackstone is in the meadow before Mr. Williams's house. Mr. Williams comes out to greet him.

MR. WILLIAMS. — Good-day, friend, and welcome! From my window I saw you coming and right glad I am to greet you.

MR. BLACKSTONE. — Thank you, Mr. Williams. I have hitched my bull to yonder post.

It was a dusty ride and I would that you would send some one to water him.

MR. WILLIAMS. — Aye, that I will. Pray allow me to carry that sack for you. It looks heavy, my dear friend.

MR. BLACKSTONE. — Nay, do not trouble yourself. But 'tis a cumbersome load and if you will allow me, I shall leave it here. Your man can bring it in! It hath the apples which I promised you, from the first crop from my new orchard.

MR. WILLIAMS. — You bring us a great treat, Mr. Blackstone. It is many years since I have tasted an apple, and some of the children here have never seen one. 'Twill be a rare pleasure for them.

MR. BLACKSTONE. — They will be making cider in England these days. If my crop prove sufficiently large, we may have a little of that good drink here in the colony.

MR. WILLIAMS. — Then God grant you many good apples, for there are dry throats hereabouts. We hope to see to the planting of orchards here in Providence very shortly. Let us go in. I shall send a man to attend to your bull. (*They go in.*)

(*Enter Adam carrying a bucket of water*)

ADAM. — So I am to water a bull, am I?

What right has any God-fearing man to ride a bull — flying in the face of Providence on a horned beast of burden. I was fined two shillings, a week ago come Wednesday, for wearing gold lace on my hat. Here's a man so slothful and stuffed with pride that he cannot walk on his own two feet but must come four-footed on a beast of burden. And here's the sack which he can't carry twenty yards. A proper kind of man he is to come preaching to us of a Sunday. I'd like to see him in the pillory, and his bull drawn and quartered and cut into prime ribs. (*Goes out, after kicking the sack.*)

(*Enter Anne, Patience, and Margaret*)

ANNE. — Oh, I am all out of breath with running. Let us sit here.

PATIENCE. — I am so warm that I want a drink of water.

MARGARET. — Mr. Williams lives over yonder. He might allow us to drink from his well.

PATIENCE. — Oh, I would not be so bold as to ask him.

ANNE. — It would not be boldness, when we need it badly enough.

MARGARET. — But think, Anne! He may be preparing his sermon for to-morrow.

ANNE. — Then we can go around to the back of the house and get the water for ourselves.

PATIENCE. — Oh, that would be dreadful!

MARGARET. — I should not dare.

ANNE. — Well, *I* shall dare. Will you come?

MARGARET AND PATIENCE. — Oh, no, no!

ANNE. — You can't be over-thirsty then. (*She starts off, but spies the sack of apples.*) Oh, look! Patience! Margaret! See what I have found! (*She holds up an apple.*)

MARGARET. — Why, what is it?

PATIENCE. — Oh, how lovely and smooth it is and so red!

MARGARET. — It looks like those big berries that the Indians call tomatoes.

ANNE. — Nonsense!

MARGARET. — Well, do you know what it is?

ANNE. — Yes! It is a pomegranate.

PATIENCE AND MARGARET. — A what?

ANNE. — A pomegranate!

MARGARET. — How do you know?

ANNE. — I've read of them.

MARGARET. — Are you very sure?

ANNE. — The prince always says, "Her mouth was a split pomegranate set with pearls."

PATIENCE. — Why, Anne Bradberry! What dost *thou* know of princes!

ANNE. — The prince in the book I mean. Didst thou never read the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments"?

MARGARET AND PATIENCE. — Why, no!

MARGARET. — It sounds like something ungodly!

ANNE. — Oh, very well. Then you shall hear no more.

PATIENCE. — Nay! Margaret meant no harm. You must know, Anne, that all the village says thy father is — is too lenient with thee. 'Tis even thought Mr. Williams should remonstrate with him.

ANNE. — Oh, sayst thou so indeed? Well, 'tis an untruth! I shall never speak to thee again. Then thou wilt know nothing more of my book or of pomegranates. (*She starts to run away.*)

MARGARET AND PATIENCE. — Oh, Anne! Anne dear, come back! We meant not to hurt thee! 'Tis an untruth! We know it.

ANNE. — You must beg my pardon.

MARGARET AND PATIENCE. — We ask you to pardon us, Anne.

ANNE. — Now, then, I will tell you the story. In the reign of the good Caliph Haroun al Raschid, there dwelt in Bagdad ——

MARGARET. — Haroun al Raschid? He doesn't come from the Bible, does he?

ANNE. — Hast thou no manners to interrupt my story! Of course, he doesn't come from the Bible — he was a sultan.

MARGARET. — Anne, — do not be vexed, — but where is Bagdad?

PATIENCE. — Oh, Margaret, let's imagine it!

MARGARET. — How can you, if you do not know anything about it.

ANNE. — Well, I can't stop to tell of Bagdad. You must know, Margaret, it's the place where there are gold and pearls, and caliphs and merchants and genii and — and pomegranates.

MARGARET. — Oh!

ANNE. — Now I have to begin all over again. Please don't interrupt this time. In the reign of the good Caliph Haroun al Raschid, there dwelt in Bagdad a certain porter who was a man of great wit and humor. One day, as he waited at the market for employment, a very beautiful lady, heavily veiled, came up to him and said: "Porter, take up thy basket and follow me." The porter took up his basket, exclaiming, "Oh, happy day, oh, day of joy!" and placed it upon his head. Then he followed the lady. She led him first to the fruit market, where she purchased citrons, lemons, dates, figs, and pomegranates. Then she took him to a cake shop, where she purchased almond patties and small cakes, all of which the porter placed in his basket. Now, when ——

MARGARET. — Oh, look! Here comes Mr. Williams!

PATIENCE. — And Mr. Blackstone!

ANNE. — Oh, pshaw! Now I can't finish the story!

PATIENCE. — Oh, Anne!

(*Mr. Williams and Mr. Blackstone come in*)

MR. WILLIAMS. — Good-day! good-day! What! Free on Saturday afternoon to make holiday?

PATIENCE. — We worked hard, sir, and finished all our tasks by three o'clock.

MR. WILLIAMS. — You are good children, I know.

MR. BLACKSTONE. — All work and no play makes Jill a dull girl.

MR. WILLIAMS. — Why! Here's your sack of apples, friend. It is borne in upon me that my servant is a rogue.

MARGARET. — Please, sir! Did you call these *apples?*

MR. BLACKSTONE. — Aye. These are apples, child, a good old English fruit, harvested from trees and seed that journeyed all the way across the ocean.

ANNE. — I thought — I thought they were pomegranates.

Mr. BLACKSTONE. — Indeed, no! Here! Eat one. They are sound and sweet, I can answer for that. (*He hands one to Margaret.*)

MARGARET. — (*Tasting it.*) Oh, 'tis a goodly fruit! And did they all grow in your garden?

MR. BLACKSTONE. — Nay, they grew on trees in my orchard. Next spring you must all come to see my trees in bloom.

MARGARET, PATIENCE, ANNE. (*together*) — Oh, thank you, Mr. Blackstone!

MR. WILLIAMS. — Here comes my man. (*Adam comes in.*) Adam! Did I not tell you, an hour ago, to carry in yon sack? Think you I must clothe and feed and house a surly, lazy knave?

ADAM. — I did intend to bring the sack in, sir, but Mr. Blackstone's bull broke loose and I needs must chase him all through the meadows.

MR. WILLIAMS. — Take the sack now and go in. But wait a moment. Here, little maids, hold your aprons. (*He puts some apples into each apron.*)

MARGARET, PATIENCE, ANNE. (*together*) — Oh, thank you, sir! Oh, thank you, thank you!

ADAM. — (*Muttering.*) I chase a four-footed beast across three fields and then am called a lazy knave.

(*Adam takes the sack and goes in*)

ANNE. — Might we draw a drink of water at your well, Mr. Williams?

MR. WILLIAMS. — Yes, but call Adam to help

you, for the rope does not wind easily. Good-day, little maids!

PATIENCE, ANNE, MARGARET. (*together*) — Good-day, Mr. Williams! Good-day, Mr. Blackstone! Thank you for the apples. (*They watch the two gentlemen go away.*)

MARGARET. — After we have the drink of water, will you finish the story, Anne?

ANNE. — I don't know — I think so — but I'll have to change the pomegranates to apples.

PATIENCE. — Oh, we shall not mind in the least.

ANNE. — Look! There is Adam going towards the well! Let us hurry and catch him.

(*They run off*)

A SKIRMISH AT RENSSELAERSWIJCK

A STORY OF NEW YORK IN COLONIAL DAYS

CHARACTERS

ROELOF JANNSEN ..... *bonsomeester (overseer) to Patroon Van Rensselaer*

ANNETJE ..... *wife of Roelof*

PIETER, a boy of nine
SARA, a girl of eight
WILLIAM, a boy of six
CATRINA, a baby of two
} *children of Roelof and Annetje*

ANTONY CLAESEN
CARL VANDERMAN
} *residents of the city of New Amsterdam*

SCENE

The living-room in Roelof Jannsen's house at Rensselaerswijck.

TIME

The Year of Grace, 1641, during the directorship of William Kieft

A long, low-raftered room dimly lighted by a lamp. An open fire-place at one end, where Roelof Jannsen sits, smoking his pipe. At the other

end is a stairway leading to the bedroom. Annetje comes down the stairway, carrying a lighted candle. She blows the candle out and places it on a table in the middle of the room. Going over to the fire-place, she sits down and begins to knit.

ROELOF. — Didst get the children to sleep?

ANNETJE. — Oh, the children have been wild to-day and full of notions! Pieter hath stirred them all with foolish talk of Indians. Roelof, the boy hath troubled me! He keeps insisting that he heard that cannon shot, early yesterday morning, from the direction of the fort.

ROELOF. — Nay! That is nonsense!

ANNETJE. — Yet the boy is not given to imagining or to the telling of untruths. Thinkest thou they were saluting at the fort?

ROELOF. — The director hath no cannon balls to waste. The only ship expected this month was the Herring. She is in. She came in from the coast, last week. Besides, Pieter's ears are not sharp enough to hear cannons farther than ten miles away.

ANNETJE. — I daresay it is idle foolishness.

ROELOF. — Put the matter out of thy mind, Annetje! I have other things for thee to think of. What dost thou say, if, when next spring comes, I should take a farm along the Bouwerie?

ANNETJE. — But will it please Patroon Van Rensselaer? He may not care to lose so good a bonscmeester.

ROELOF.— Nay, 'tis the patroon himself who proposes it. He came to me this morning. "Jannsen!" he said, "thy four years' contract ends next spring. Wilt thou stay here another four, or wilt thou take a new farm near Bouwerie Village?"

ANNETJE (*her needles clicking very fast*). — Didst thou agree to change?

ROELOF. — Thinkest thou I would jump in the dark? "Herr Patroon," said I, "will I hold the new farm under the same conditions?" "Nay, Jannsen," answered he, "thou wilt have half of whatever profits the new farm yields!" What thinkest thou of that?

ANNETJE. — I like it not, Roelof.

ROELOF. — Thou dost not understand.

ANNETJE. — I understand well enough. Thou hast cleared the land and tilled and sowed and made it a second Canaan. Now our good maister patroon would have thee begin all over again on the barren Bouwerie.

ROELOF. — But there is plenty of cattle and of grain with which to stock a second farm; and remember, we should have half of the profits.

ANNETJE. — 'Tis very good, Roelof Jannsen,

to talk of harvests in seed time. Hendrick Conduit also talked. What happened to him? Dost thou remember? The first crop failed. The cattle died. Cannot that happen to you? Why canst thou not be content to stay here, where thy fortunes are tried and known?

ROELOF. — But, Annetje, thou, thyself, hast often complained because we are near no village. There the children could go to school. You would have neighbors and I ——

ANNETJE. — Ah! Now I see thy drift. 'Tis not the soil that attracts thee, no, nor the profits! 'Tis the bowling alleys of Antony Claesen, and the deep tankards of Carl Vanderman!

ROELOF. — Listen!

ANNETJE. — I would ——

ROELOF. — Be still, I say!

(*Annetje forgets her anger to listen, and they both sit intent. A low, splashing sound comes to them through the summer night*)

ROELOF. — Some one is fording the Kill. (*He gets up and goes to the open door.*)

(*The sound of horses galloping swiftly can be heard. There is a noise at the door. "Roelof Jannsen!" cries a voice, without*)

ROELOF. — This way, neighbor. (*A man carrying a musket appears in the door.*)

ROELOF. — What, Antony Claesen? Good, then!

CLAESEN. — The Indians are up!

ANNETJE. — May the good God protect us!

ROELOF. — Dost thou think they will attack to-night?

CLAESEN. — Yes. We must be quick. Put my horse up and see to the out-houses.

ROELOF. — See to the doors and windows, Annetje, and call the children. (*Roelof takes his musket and goes out, followed by Claesen. Annetje runs to the foot of the stairway.*)

ANNETJE. — Pieter! Sara! Pieter! Pieter! (*A boy's sleepy voice from above: "Are you calling, mother?"*)

ANNETJE. — Get up and dress! Quickly, Pieter. Wake Sara and the rest! Quickly, all of you. (*She bars the windows and doors and takes down the guns and begins priming them.*)

ANNETJE. — Merciful Heaven! There are so few of us! Why does not Roelof come back? (*She runs over to the foot of the stairs.*) Sara, are you hurrying? Be quick and bring the baby as she is. (*She goes back to the table.*) Not a man within two miles! Why does not Roelof hurry? (*The children come down-stairs, Sara carrying the baby who is asleep. William and Pieter follow her.*)

SARA. — What is the matter, mother?

PIETER. — Is it the Indians?

ANNETJE. — I fear so. Do as I say and ask no questions. Sara, get the baby's cradle and put it there in the corner. Pieter, you must help me. Give the baby to William, Sara.

(*Sara goes upstairs. William stands wide-eyed, holding the sleeping baby*)

PIETER. — Where is father?

ANNETJE. — He has gone with Antony Claesen to see to the cattle.

PIETER. — Did Antony Claesen come to tell us? Will they come to-night?

ANNETJE. — I fear so.

PIETER. — Thou hast nothing to fear, mother. Brant Phelan says that five men with guns can keep an hundred Indians at bay!

ANNETJE. — Five men, Pieter! But we have only two.

PIETER. — There is father and Antony Claesen and I am half a man.

WILLIAM. — And I am another half.

PIETER. — And you can shoot, mother. Do you remember, once, down in the lane, you fired father's gun and hit a cow; and father scolded and you cried? Thou wouldst not cry an it were an Indian, wouldst thou, mother?

ANNETJE. — Nay, Pieter! Why dost not thy father come back? (*She goes to the door.*)

(*Sara comes down, carrying a cradle.*)

SARA. — Here is the cradle, mother.

ANNETJE. — There, put it in the corner. (*Annetje takes the baby from William and puts her in the cradle.*) She will be safe so. Listen! What was that! (*Sara hides her head upon her mother's shoulder. Pieter picks up a gun. William cowers behind him.*)

VOICE FROM WITHOUT. — Annetje! Annetje!

ANNETJE. — 'Tis thy father! I am coming.

(*She runs to the door. Enter Roelof and Claesen*)

CLAESEN. — We must bolt this door. (*They drop the heavy bars in place and push the dresser against the door.*)

ANNETJE. — Do you think that they will come to-night?

CLAESEN. — I think so. News reached the fort yesterday that an Indian had murdered Maister Claes, who lives across the river. A delegation was sent to the Weckquseskeeks, and the upshot of it all is war. I was sent with Vanderman to warn the outlying bouweries. It is the director's order that you shall all come to one place and form a village. On our way up here, we met a woodsman who said that he had seen a party of Indians dressed for war

and headed this way! Here they are! (*Several arrows strike the outside wall of the house.*)

ROELOF. — I will take this side; you take the other. Annetje! Sara! William! Pieter! Stay at the back, and be ready to reload.

ROELOF (*runs to the window and looks through the small round hole in the heavy shutter*). — About twenty of them are coming! (*There is a shrill yell from the outside and a sudden on-rush. Roelof fires. A long yell and then silence.*) They did not expect that; they have gone back.

CLAESEN. — They will come again on both sides. (*Both men wait with guns cocked. There is a tense silence.*)

SARA. — Oh, mother, I am afraid. (*An arrow flies into the room and lodges, quivering.*)

ROELOF. — Here they come!

CLAESEN. — Wait until they are close. (*For a few minutes there is only the din of shooting and the yelling of the Indians. The baby wakes and begins to cry.*)

ANNETJE. — I hear guns on the outside.

CLAESEN. — Thank God, it is Vanderman and his party! They have hemmed in the Indians. (*Shots coming nearer continue to be heard.*)

ROELOF. — We must aim carefully.

VOICE FROM WITHOUT. — Roelof! Jannsen! Open for us! Open for us! (*Roelof goes to the*

door. Enter four men carrying one who is wounded in the shoulder.)

ROELOF. — Thank God, you are come! Is it a serious hurt?

VANDERMAN (*carefully pulling back the shirt from the wounded man's shoulder*). — No, only a flesh wound.

ANNETJE. — Heat some water in the embers, Sara! We must see to this poor fellow. Will the Indians return, Herr Vanderman?

VANDERMAN. — You need fear nothing, to-night.

CLAESEN. — In the morning, we will make our way to Bouwerie Village.

ROELOF. — Wilt thou scorn the village this time, Annetje?

ANNETJE. — Nay, Roelof, this is no time for jest. Thou knowest well that I will be only too glad to leave this lonesome place. We must make a bed for the children down here, Roelof. Come, help me to carry some things.

HOW THE INDIANS PLANTED POWDER

A STORY OF COLONIAL DAYS IN MASSACHUSETTS

CHARACTERS

A Colonist
Black Eagle
Blue Feather } ..*Indians*
Fighting Bear
A Squaw

SCENE

The field at one end of an Indian village. Black Eagle and Fighting Bear are looking at the ground.

Black Eagle. — The seed is not sprouting. Yet now it has been in the ground for nine suns.

Fighting Bear. — Perhaps thou hast planted it too deep.

Black Eagle. — It was not planted deep enough. The squaws were lazy. They were too lazy to sharpen their plows which have become blunted and do not scratch up the earth. (*Enter Blue Feather.*)

Blue Feather. — What art thou searching so closely for on the ground, Black Eagle?

BLACK EAGLE. — Thou must know, Blue Feather, that a moon ago, with skins, I visited the white man's wigwam. When I came out, there, lying on the ground, was a bag filled with the white man's powder — for the guns. I said to myself, "No longer does the white man give us powder, nor will he exchange it for skins. Of what use are our guns, if we cannot feed them?" So I brought the bag away with me. When I reached the wigwams, I called the squaws. "Go plow one corner of the field," I said, "for I have some seed to plant." They plowed. I planted. I thought to reap a good crop of powder to use against the English. Seest thou aught of green things pushing through the earth? It is now nine suns since I planted.

BLUE FEATHER. — Dost thou know how the English plant this seed? Thou shouldst have learned the secret from them.

FIGHTING BEAR. — The English will not tell. White man keeps his secrets well!

BLACK EAGLE. — Look! Here comes one of them!

BLUE FEATHER. — It is the laughing one.

FIGHTING BEAR. — Let us wrest the secret from him! Let us take his gun and force him to tell us how to plant this powder.

BLUE FEATHER. — Yes! He is alone.

BLACK EAGLE. — But he will warn his people, and when the crops are ripe they will harvest the powder.

BLUE FEATHER. — We will take it far off and plant it where they cannot find it.

BLACK EAGLE. — Very well. Then we will ask him.

(*The colonist comes up to them*)

THE COLONIST. — Good morning, my friends!

THE INDIANS. — Morning, white brother. Welcome!

THE COLONIST. — Know you of anyone who has moccasins to sell?

FIGHTING BEAR (*bowing low*). — We make you present — as many moccasins as you want.

THE COLONIST. — No, no. I will pay you for them.

BLACK EAGLE. — Take them — a gift from me, brother! I will call my squaw to measure thy foot.

(*He calls "Ku Yu! Ku Yu!" A squaw comes from one of the wigwams*)

BLACK EAGLE. — Get a piece of deer-thong to measure moccasins!

(*The squaw goes out and returns with a piece*)

BLACK EAGLE. — Put forth thy foot, friend.

(*The squaw measures and makes knots in the deer-thong. Then she goes into the wigwam*)

THE COLONIST (*holding up his fingers*). — Two pairs of moccasins — two for this foot, and two for this foot. You understand?

BLACK EAGLE. — Yes, yes, as many as you want!

THE COLONIST. — Bring them to my house when they are finished and you shall be rewarded.

FIGHTING BEAR. — Fine gun! Is he heavy?

THE COLONIST. — No, my friend, not for such as know how to carry him.

FIGHTING BEAR. — Let me carry him a little while.

THE COLONIST. — Some time, yes. When you come to visit me.

FIGHTING BEAR. — No, now! (*He steps forward. Blue Feather, from behind, wrenches the gun from the colonist.*)

BLUE FEATHER (*pointing the gun at the colonist*). — Now you will talk to us and tell us what we want to know.

THE COLONIST. — What is it that you want me to tell you?

BLACK EAGLE. — Tell us and we will not harm you. In what manner dost thou plant the powder for thy gun?

THE COLONIST. — Plant the powder for my gun? (*He laughs aloud.*)

THE INDIANS. — Yes.

BLACK EAGLE. — I have planted powder in this field but it does not sprout.

(*The colonist shouts with laughter*)

FIGHTING BEAR. — Why do you laugh? Do you not see that we have your gun?

THE COLONIST. — Come, let me ask you a question. Where have you seen the white man's powder growing?

(*The Indians remain silent. They gesticulate*)

THE COLONIST. — The white man's powder does not grow.

FIGHTING BEAR. — How does he get it?

THE COLONIST. — Listen! The powder comes over the sea from our other homes. There it is made in big houses from things that we have not in this land. The white man himself cannot make it here. He has it brought from far, far away. Now give me my gun. Bring the moccasins to my house when the new moon is in the sky and you shall be well paid.

(*They sullenly hand him the gun*)

Good-day, my friends. You've treated me badly on the whole, but 'tis a rare good joke you've played on yourselves.

(*He goes off laughing*)

INDIAN GIFTS

A STORY OF PRISCILLA ALDEN'S COW

CHARACTERS

JOHN ALDEN } *newly married young people*
PRISCILLA ALDEN } *of Plymouth*
DILIGENCE WHEELWRIGHT . . *a dear friend of Priscilla*
KOMAKO . . . . . *an Indian*

SCENE

The interior of John Alden's new house.

(*John is putting a dresser in place. When it is quite right he calls Priscilla*)

(*Priscilla comes in*)

JOHN. — Well, Priscilla, dost thou like it?

PRISCILLA. — Like it! Oh, John, how could I help myself? How lovely! How lovely! Already am I bowed down before it, as a heathen before his idol. No one in Plymouth hath so fine a dresser.

JOHN. — Have a care, Priscilla! Now art thou growing proud! What should I do with a proud heathen for my wife?

PRISCILLA. — Nay, nay, I am not proud — not of anything, save thee.

JOHN. — For a truth, do I outshine the dresser in thy eyes?

PRISCILLA. — Yes and everything and everybody in the colony.

JOHN. — Have a care! Have a care with thy flattery and with thy blandishments or we will both become a subject for church admonition.

PRISCILLA. — How pretty my pewter dishes will look upon that shelf! They are not very many, but they are of good quality and in a good state of preservation.

JOHN. — I have another surprise for thee, sweet!

PRISCILLA. — Oh, tell me quickly, John.

JOHN. — First, you must guess.

PRISCILLA. — Oh, you are going to send to England for a pair of tall brass candle-sticks!

JOHN. — Why, Priscilla! I had not thought of it. I will send by the next ship.

PRISCILLA. — Nay! Nay! Nay! I do not want them. We do very well as 'tis. "I will send by the next ship," quoth my lord, as though he were a royal proprietor.

JOHN. — But if thou dost like them.

PRISCILLA. — Nay, nay, I like them not — I was merely guessing. I will guess no more

if thou wilt be sending over seas for everything I mention.

JOHN. — Come, try again.

PRISCILLA. — Governor Bradford has conferred some honor upon thee.

JOHN. — I' faith no. Thou hast too high an aim. I see I will have to tell thee. This morning I was talking to Goodman Fuller ——

PRISCILLA. — I have it! I have it! Thou hast bought a cow of him.

JOHN. — And thou art glad?

PRISCILLA. — Oh, so glad! Tell me! Is it the brindled one with the soft eyes?

JOHN. — The very one.

PRISCILLA. — Oh, how happy I am! Now, John, you must make a churn and then we will have butter and cheese and curds and whey — Oh, we will live in luxury!

JOHN. — I am going now to see Captain Winslow about clearing some of the uplands. On my way home I will bring the cow.

PRISCILLA. — I will get out my pewter and polish it to such brightness as will dazzle you when you return.

JOHN. — Do not polish it away.

PRISCILLA. — And I shall think of a name for the cow. A soft, pretty name.

JOHN. — One like Priscilla?

PRISCILLA. — Good-bye. Good-bye, must I

close the door on thee? There now, get thee gone.

(*He goes out*)

PRISCILLA (*takes her pewter out and begins to polish it and arrange it on the new dresser*). — Oh! how lovely this is! How proud I shall be to show it to Diligence! Diligence will rejoice with me, I know. I wish she too would marry — someone kind and thoughtful like my John.

(*The door behind her opens and an Indian steps in*)

THE INDIAN. — White squaw be my friend? Komako in much trouble. (*He holds forth a hand torn and bleeding.*)

PRISCILLA. — Oh, sit down! Sit down! How terrible! How did it happen?

KOMAKO. — Gun! Bang! All fire! No friend to Komako! (*He points to his gun.*)

PRISCILLA. — I will try not to hurt thee, but thou must let me bathe it. (*She heats some water over the fire and then begins to bathe his hand.*)

KOMAKO. — Plenty much pretty things. (*Looking at the pewter on the dresser.*)

PRISCILLA. — Yes, very pretty. Komako, do I hurt thee? (*The Indian grunts.*)

PRISCILLA. — Now that is better. Here I have some salve that is very healing. (*She brings down a small box from a shelf and puts some in his hand.*)

KOMAKO. — English very great medicine men — very wise.

PRISCILLA. — Now hold thy hand out so that I can bandage it. (*She begins to bandage the hand. Some one knocks at the door.*)

PRISCILLA (*still bandaging*). — Come in!

(*Diligence Wheelwright enters*)

DILIGENCE. — Mercy me! What hath happened?

PRISCILLA. — This poor fellow's gun hath exploded and shattered two of his fingers! Here, take this scarf and fold it crosswise for a sling. I have done the best that I know how, but I fear that it will not prove much good.

KOMAKO. — White squaw, my friend!

DILIGENCE. — Is not this a sudden friendship, Priscilla?

PRISCILLA. — Yea, I believe so! (*She takes the sling, ties it around the Indian's neck, and puts his hand in it.*) There, my friend. If you are this way to-morrow stop at my door and I will dress the hand again. Now I will give you something to eat!

KOMAKO. — Now I go. Give me to drink.

(*Priscilla gives him a drink and a cake*)

PRISCILLA. — Here is a cake of corn. Take it with thee.

KOMAKO (*nodding at her*). — You great friend

to Komako in trouble. Komako remembers always his friend.

(*He goes out*)

DILIGENCE. — Wert thou not afraid, Priscilla, to be here alone with that great fellow?

PRISCILLA. — Not after the first shock, when he opened the door and came silently upon me. I was too full of pity for aught else. Poor fellow, he must have been in great pain.

DILIGENCE. — He was grateful. That was plain.

PRISCILLA. — And now look behind thee!

DILIGENCE. — Oh! Oh, Priscilla!

PRISCILLA. — 'Twas a surprise for me. John put it up this morning, while I was picking blueberries. Is it not a thing to be proud of?

DILIGENCE. — And all thy lovely pewter!

PRISCILLA. — I was about to arrange it, when that poor Indian came upon me. Come, wilt thou help me now?

DILIGENCE. — Oh, I would take delight in helping thee. (*They begin to polish and arrange it.*) Oh, Priscilla, how lucky thou art to have such a John!

PRISCILLA. — Yea, am I not? How I would love to see thee married! Truly, Diligence, tell me. Are the rumors I hear true that ——

DILIGENCE. — No, no, not a grain of truth,

not a shadow! Can a maid not be seen bidding good-morrow to a man?

PRISCILLA. — Come, Diligence, be honest! Thou hast done more than bid him good-morrow. Who planted so sweet a garden about thy house that its fragrance comes on the wind all day? Who planted thy rose vines and trained them, an ——

DILIGENCE. — Oh, do be quiet! Thou art like all the rest — meddlesome, meddlesome, meddlesome!

PRISCILLA. — Oh, what a pretty vixen! But, hark! There is John! He is to bring a cow with him. Come and see it. (*She pulls Diligence to the door, just as John enters.*) Didst bring the cow, John? I have been telling Diligence of it. Is it outside?

JOHN. — Nay, Priscilla, I must disappoint thee. We had hoped very much for this cow, Diligence. I had already purchased it, and was waiting for the time to separate it from its calf. This afternoon I had made arrangements with Goodman Fuller to bring it home.

PRISCILLA. — Yes, yes! What hath happened?

JOHN. — Someone hath stolen it.

PRISCILLA AND DILIGENCE. — Stolen it!

JOHN. — Yes. Goodman Fuller saw it browsing, just before I arrived. When I came,

it was nowhere to be found. I will not be able to find another this year, Priscilla.

DILIGENCE. — What dost thou think, John? Who could have done this?

PRISCILLA. — In my mind's eye I had already made a little round cheese.

JOHN. — Do not fret, sweetheart! We will have a cow some time.

(*Komako enters*)

KOMAKO. — Present for white squaw. Come outside.

JOHN. — Who is he? What does he want?

PRISCILLA. — I am going to see what he wants. Diligence can explain to you. (*She starts to go out.*)

JOHN. — Nay, I will not allow it.

KOMAKO. — Komako great friend — no hurt.

(*Priscilla steps out with him*)

DILIGENCE. — That Indian came this afternoon with a wounded hand to Priscilla. She bathed and dressed it. He was most grateful. He hath brought her some present, I daresay.

JOHN. — Come, let us follow her.

(*Priscilla comes running in*)

PRISCILLA. — Oh, John! Oh, John! It is the cow, our cow! That poor Indian stole it

— our cow — to give to me *for a present.* I was so joyful that I forgot to show how much at fault he was! Oh, I am so happy. Come, Diligence, come out and see it!

(*They go out laughing*)

A CHRISTMAS TREE IN NEW ENGLAND

A STORY OF HOW THE PURITANS KEPT CHRISTMAS

CHARACTERS

GOODMAN AND GOODWIFE CARR. . *stern Puritans*
PETER CARR . . . . . *their small son*
ABIGAIL CARR . . . . . *their small daughter*
CORNELIUS VAN CLIEF. . *a Dutch boy who has come to live with his father and mother in the colony*

SCENE

The living-room in Goodman Carr's house.

(*Peter comes in running, calling "Abigail! Abigail!"*)

ABIGAIL. — Yes. Here I am. What do you want? (*She comes in from another room.*)

PETER. — Oh, Abigail, I have wonderful news to tell you!

ABIGAIL. — What is it, Peter? Tell me quickly!

PETER. — It's all about the Christmas tree! Cornelius Van Clief is going to have one.

Christmas trees are trees that you cut down and stand up in the house and then you decorate them and hang gifts upon them; and then Kris Kringle comes and brings you more gifts. He puts them in your stocking (only one stocking must you hang up). That is Christmas!

ABIGAIL. — Oh, Peter! How have you learned all this? Who is Kris Kringle?

PETER. — Kris Kringle is a man who lives in the far North. Each year he visits the children and brings them gifts, if they have been good. He comes in a sleigh drawn by two reindeer, and the reindeer have little bells on their harnesses. Cornelius says sometimes you can hear the bells.

ABIGAIL. — But, Peter! Kris Kringle has never brought gifts to us!

PETER. — Cornelius says that is because we have never hung up our stockings or set up a Christmas tree. So, Abigail, do let us have a Christmas tree this year!

ABIGAIL. — Yes, Peter! Tell me! How shall we get one?

PETER. — I am going out now to cut down one. There is a little fir tree just behind the house. (*He takes down an axe.*) While I am gone, you must prepare the decorations.

ABIGAIL. — But, Peter, where shall I get decorations?

PETER. — Well, let me see. I will give you my new worsted mittens and you will give me the red scarf that came from over seas. And ——

ABIGAIL. — Oh, but, Peter! Your mittens are too large for me and I want to keep the scarf.

PETER. — Very well. Then we cannot have a Christmas tree! I hope Kris Kringle forgets us this year, too.

ABIGAIL. — Oh, Peter, please let us have a tree.

PETER. — Well, you cannot have a tree without gifts, for Cornelius said so.

ABIGAIL. — Well, then you may have the scarf.

PETER. — We'll have to have other things, too — not gifts — just ornaments — like — like — er — the clock, only that's too large. But I must hurry, for mother and father will be back shortly and we had best get the tree up, before they return. See what you can find, Abigail. (*He goes out.*)

ABIGAIL. — Oh, I see naught with which to decorate a tree. I wonder what Cornelius Van Clief will use. Oh, there he goes now, down the road! Cornelius! Cornelius! (*She runs to the door.*) Cornelius, prithee, step this way a moment.

(*Cornelius comes in*)

ABIGAIL. — Oh, Cornelius, Peter hath been telling me of the tree. He has gone to cut down

one and I am to get the decorations. That is why I called to you. Tell me what is proper to put on a tree.

CORNELIUS. — Oh, there are many things. We have pieces of colored glass and a waxen angel. Have you cranberries? The red ones look pretty strung in rows.

ABIGAIL. — Why, we have a great dish full. I will use them.

(*Enter Peter*)

CORNELIUS. — Let me help you with the tree, Peter.

PETER. — Oh, Cornelius, I am so glad you are here! How shall I make it stand?

CORNELIUS. — Get me a pot, Abigail. Peter, you must fill it with earth. The ground is not frozen very hard.

ABIGAIL. — Here is the pot.

PETER. — I will run quickly. (*He goes out.*)

CORNELIUS. — Now I must have a piece of rope.

ABIGAIL. — Here is a piece.

CORNELIUS. — And now give me some nails.

ABIGAIL. — They are in a box in that corner. (*She runs to bring them.*)

CORNELIUS. — Now, Abigail, run and get the cranberries and a needle and thread so that we can string them.

(*Abigail goes to get the berries. Peter comes in with earth*)

PETER. — Here is the earth.

CORNELIUS. — Come, lift up the tree. Now we will plant it in the pot — so. I will hold it. You hammer a nail into the wall, Peter. Now we will tie the tree to it. There! Is not that fine? That is how my father doth.

(*Abigail comes in*)

ABIGAIL. — Here is the needle and thread and the berries.

CORNELIUS. — Now string them in this fashion and then loop them from bough to bough. Now I must be gone. Good-bye, Peter! Good-bye, Abigail! I will come in and see your tree to-morrow.

PETER AND ABIGAIL. — Oh, please do! Good-bye, Cornelius! Good-bye!

(*Cornelius goes out*)

PETER. — Now I will put the mittens and the scarf on the tree. This will be a fine tree, Abigail!

ABIGAIL. — Yes! But, Peter! We have no waxen angel!

PETER. — Well, what of that? Oh, Abigail, what say you to father's brass shoe-buckles? They would make a fine show.

ABIGAIL. — Oh, yes! Oh, yes! How clever you are, Peter!

PETER. — 'Tis a good idea. You do not think father will mind?

ABIGAIL. — Oh, no, truly. He will be glad. Fetch them to me. They are in yonder box. And oh, Peter — there is likewise some red yarn. That would be magnificent!

(*Peter brings the yarn and the buckles*)

ABIGAIL. — We will put the buckles on top and drape the yarn like this.

(*Enter Goodman and Goodwife Carr. Goodwife Carr standing horrified in the doorway*)

GOODWIFE CARR.—Why, what is this? (*Holding up her hands.*)

GOODMAN CARR. — Answer thy mother! What mummery is this?

PETER. — We are having a Christmas tree, father.

GOODMAN CARR. — A Christmas tree! Wherefore? Oh, merciful Lord, is it for this that I have toiled and sweated? Is it for this that I have prayed — that my children should raise up images to Satan and walk in ungodly ways. (*Turning to Goodwife Carr*) Wife, knew you aught of this?

GOODWIFE CARR. — Nay, naught. My chil-

dren, answer me. How came you to do this, this ungodly thing?

ABIGAIL. — We know naught of its being ungodly. We meant no harm. Cornelius Van Clief told us of Christmas trees and ——

GOODMAN CARR. — Enough, prate no more of these sinful revels. Get you up stairs and presently I will come and intercede with the Lord to forgive you for such wickedness. You must go supperless to bed to-night.

(*Peter and Abigail go out sorrowfully*)

This comes of allowing the Dutch and other unsanctified peoples to settle amongst us.

GOODWIFE CARR. — Do but look! Thy brass buckles! And my fine red yarn!

GOODMAN CARR. — Tell me of naught, but help me to cast forth these impious works, lest the wrath of the Lord find us out.

(*They pull down the Christmas tree and throw it out at the door*)

ROBERT MORRIS AND THE REVOLUTION

A STORY OF HOW THE REVOLUTION WAS FINANCED

CHARACTERS

ROBERT MORRIS . . . *collecting money for Washington*
JOHN MARSHALL . . . . *a resident of Philadelphia*
MRS. JOHN MARSHALL . . . . . *his wife*
EDWARD AND ELIZABETH MARSHALL . . *their small son and daughter*

SCENE

A street in Philadelphia; before the house of Mr. Marshall

TIME

New Year's Morning, 1777.

(*Robert Morris comes walking hurriedly down the street, stops in front of Mr. Marshall's house, ascends the high stoop, and impatiently lifts the knocker. There is no response from the house. He knocks again, this time louder and longer.*)

ROBERT MORRIS. — My country's service bodes no further delay. Mr. Marshall, I'll warrant me, is still abed. (*Footsteps are heard coming down the stairs and the key turns hastily in the lock.*)

MR. MARSHALL (*looking as though he had dressed very hastily and with his night-cap still upon his head*). — Zounds, man, what kind — a thousand pardons, Mr. Morris! In the early light, I did not recognize you.

MR. MORRIS. — It is I who should ask pardon of you, Mr. Marshall, but my errand is of vital importance to you, to me, and to our country. It calls for no apology.

MR. MARSHALL. — I am yours to command.

MR. MORRIS. — Washington, our most noble general, is, as you know, with the army at Valley Forge. The sufferings of the men, — their dire distress, — you also know. General Washington has asked me to raise for the immediate relief of the army the sum of twenty-five hundred pounds. I have come to you, Mr. Marshall, to ask your generous aid.

(*Mrs. Marshall comes to the door and graciously walks out to the stoop*)

MRS. MARSHALL (*sweeping a courtesy*). — Wilt thou not walk inside, Mr. Morris? I fear

me the earliness of the day has made us forget our hospitality.

MR. MORRIS. — I thank you, Mrs. Marshall, but I have no time to tarry. I am about the affairs of our army in Valley Forge. I come to solicit aid from your husband.

MRS. MARSHALL (*turning to her husband*). — Thou wilt do all in thy power to help, John?

MR. MARSHALL. — I have the small sum of seventy pounds, which I will willingly give. Will you fetch it, Ann?

(*Mrs. Marshall goes back into the house*)

MR. MARSHALL. — It is cold out-of-doors. Mr. Morris, will you not step inside?

MR. MORRIS. — Nay, I thank you. But what think you of the hardships of our poor men with Washington, when it is cold for us?

MR. MARSHALL. — War is a sad business and to be feared. Here is my wife.

(*Enter Mrs. Marshall with a bag of money, which she presents to Mr. Morris*)

MRS. MARSHALL. — 'Tis all we have to give thee, Mr. Morris; but I pray that our worthy neighbors may better reward thy efforts. I shall endeavor to collect linen and blankets in plenty to relieve the sufferings of the men.

MR. MORRIS. — God reward you, madam. Good morning, sir. Washington will not fail to appreciate your generosity.

(*Elizabeth and Edward come running out, just as Mr. Morris gets to the foot of the steps. Going over to their mother, they cling to her skirts and look shyly at the retreating figure*)

EDWARD. — Who was that, mother?

MRS. MARSHALL. — That was Mr. Morris, my dear, a brave gentleman, who is trying to help our soldiers at Valley Forge. Come! It is too cold for thee to be out here. Let us go in.

(*Exeunt*)

AT ANCHOR

A STORY OF HOW JOHN BILLINGTON SET FIRE TO THE GOOD SHIP MAYFLOWER

CHARACTERS

JOHN, DAVID, NANCY ..... *children on the Mayflower*
CAPTAIN JONES ..... *captain of the ship*
MR. HIGGINSON ..... *minister to the Pilgrims*
SAILORS

SCENE

The deck of the Mayflower in port just before setting sail. Mr. Higginson is talking to David and Nancy.

MR. HIGGINSON. — I am going below, children. Remember, stay where you are and do not get in the way of the men.

THE CHILDREN. — Yes, sir.

(*He goes below*)

NANCY. — Oh, see, David! Oh, see! They are hoisting up goats onto the *Talbot*.

DAVID. — Oh! Oh! By the horns! If that rope should break, the fall would kill the goat. Oh, the poor little goat!

NANCY. — I am glad *we* did not have to be hoisted on board that way. How the pigs squealed when they carried them aboard the *George!* I am glad there are no pigs voyaging with us.

DAVID. — I like pigs — little ones. They have such small twisted tails.

NANCY. — Oh, there is John. John! John! Come hither, and watch the goats being drawn up into the *Talbot.*

(*John comes in*)

DAVID. — There goes the fourth!

JOHN. — Oh, I saw goats being hoisted into the *George* this morning. I'm sorry that we have no goats with us. I asked Mr. Higginson for one this morning, but he refused to give it to me. He says that he thinks I may have one when we reach Virginia.

DAVID. — I wish that they would finish taking in provision and get away. I want to be out at sea.

JOHN. — Sailors do not say, "Get away." They say, "Set sail," or, "Get under sail." The sailors would laugh at thee. Well, I am going down again to watch the men. Wilt thou come, David?

DAVID. — No. Captain Jones allowed us here as a special favor.

NANCY. — He said that we were not to move about or get in the men's way.

JOHN. — I don't get in their way. I'm going down.

(*He runs off and almost dashes into two sailors who are carrying a large chest*)

THE MEN. — Look away, there! Clear out! How does the captain think that we can work with children swarming all over the deck? Look out!

(*The men go away*)

NANCY. — We may set sail this afternoon, if we are ready in time to catch the tide.

DAVID. — Oh, I hope that we do!

NANCY. — Come, let us play a game.

DAVID. — I don't know any game for just two people. Dost thou?

NANCY. — Let me think. Oh, I know! Let us skip rope. (*She runs over to a coil of rope.*) Here is a nice, thin one. I don't think that they will mind our skipping rope, dost thou? Oh, here is the captain! (*The captain comes in.*) Captain Jones, please may we skip rope?

CAPTAIN JONES. — Yes, yes. But keep there in the corner and do not unfasten anything.

(*There is a loud report from below*)

CAPTAIN JONES. — By heaven, what was that? (*He rushes below.*)

DAVID. — Oh, what *can* be the matter!

NANCY. — Oh! Oh! I wish we were on land. (*She runs to the side of the ship.*) Oh, David! David! Come here! Look, there is smoke coming from that porthole! See, we are on fire!

DAVID. — Oh, what shall we do! Come, we had best go downstairs.

(*They start to go down, when up comes Mr. Higginson and the Captain, dragging John after them*)

NANCY. — Oh, are we — are we — on fire?

THE CAPTAIN. — No! no! children, be still! (*To John*) Now, young man, here shalt thou stay, lashed to the mast. (*To David and Nancy*) Do not either of you lay hands upon him, till I release him. (*He ties John to the mast.*) That will teach thee to behave.

(*He goes off*)

MR. HIGGINSON. — I am grieved, John, that thou shouldst have proved so disobedient. I am sorry that the captain has tied thee up; but I can do naught to release thee, for aboard ship we are all under his orders. Remember that, children! During the whole voyage, we must obey the captain.

(*He goes away*)

NANCY. — Oh, John, what happened? Where did the smoke come from?

DAVID. — We thought the ship afire.

JOHN (*blinking to keep back the tears*). — Oh, nothing. I only fired an old gun to see if it was loaded, and it was.

DAVID. — That was the great noise that we heard.

NANCY. — Oh, never mind. Here! I have a sweetmeat. (*She puts her hand into her pocket.*) Open thy mouth!

JOHN. — Nay, thou wilt want it thyself.

NANCY. — Oh, I have others, but I am saving them. For thou knowest we can have naught of sweetmeats in this Virginia to which we are voyaging! But there, open thy mouth! (*She puts in the sweetmeat.*) I judge that the captain will come back shortly.

JOHN. — Oh, I don't mind. I can make believe that I am a prisoner aboard the Spanish Armada.

DAVID. — You shall be the prisoner and we will be the Spaniards. Oh, Nancy, that will be a fine game!

(*They proceed to play it*)

A NARROW ESCAPE

A STORY OF JOHN SMITH
AND POCAHONTAS

CHARACTERS

JOHN SMITH ..... *captain of the party*
WILLIAM WHITE, DANIEL PENDEGRASS ..... *men under Smith*
POWHATAN ..... *chief of the Indians*
POCAHONTAS ..... *daughter of Powhatan*
ANANAISSAIT ..... *a young brave, in love with Pocahontas*
MAWHAWA ..... *a medicine man*

SCENE

The white men are standing around a fire, over which rabbits are roasting, in a small glade in the forest. They have been searching all day for a passage to the Pacific Ocean. Night is falling.

WHITE (*stirring the fire*). — A long, arduous day, and naught accomplished.

SMITH. — Our accomplishment is not great, yet neither is it little — and it amounts to this: that having gone over the land once, we need

not go over it again. So cheer thee up, my gloomy knave. Here's roasted rabbit to spare. Thou wert safe down by the James. Thou wouldst be safe and — hungry anywhere here. An empty stomach goes not willingly to bed.

PENDEGRASS. — Noble tales, captain! It pleases you to laugh, yet our stomachs may ache to be filled to-morrow.

SMITH. — Gentlemen, this is our proper business. A way to the Pacific must be found. You know the king is anxious, and the company are even more so. I came not here for my pleasure, but to do the bidding of others. (*He goes to the fire and turns over the rabbits that are roasting there.*)

PENDEGRASS. — A fool's errand and worse! I tell you I will have no more of it.

(*At this moment a party of Indians dart from the woods, seize and bind the Englishmen, before they can lift a hand*)

SMITH. — Oh, great red father, wherefore do you injure your brother?

POWHATAN. — Lift not thy voice! Powhatan leaves free thy tongue to answer, not to question. Many days have you roamed in the forests. Did Powhatan tell you to do so? Many beasts and birds have you slain — beasts and birds that belonged to Powhatan. Long has the father

watched you and great has grown his displeasure. Now, answer — why came you hither?

SMITH. — Great Father, long have we roamed and wandered in search of a mighty water — a mighty rolling water with swift tides and currents. But our search has been in vain and we are broken with grief. Have your brothers in aught offended you?

POWHATAN. — My brother has two tongues. With one, he speaks the things that are not. Therefore, shall he die! He has deceived my people.

SMITH. — Father, it shall be as you say. But, before I die, I pray thee, put thy hand into my pocket and give me what thou shalt find there.

POWHATAN. — What has my brother in his pocket?

SMITH. — Powhatan, my pocket holds a spirit bound in metal. This spirit has the power of twinkling and of turning to the north. Bring it forth and you shall see it.

(*Powhatan consults with the rest of the Indians*)

POWHATAN. — We shall loose one hand and you shall bring it forth yourself. (*They loose one hand and then quickly stand off. Smith brings out his pocket-compass.*)

SMITH. — See, I will leave it so. Draw near. It cannot hurt you. (*They come nearer. Finally one Indian moves it with his finger.*)

ANANAISSAIT. — See, it moves! It is alive.

MAWHAWA. — It is accursed, put it away.

POWHATAN. — Oh, wise man, how can it harm us?

MAWHAWA. — It is a thing of evil. Thy flesh shall fall from thy bones. Thy bones shall rot in turn. Return it.

POWHATAN. — Brother, take back this thing of evil. (*Smith puts it back in his pocket.*)

SMITH. — Nay, Father Powhatan, it is a spirit of great good. Without the sun or the moon, or without the stars, this will guide me when I have lost my way and lead me to my wigwam.

POWHATAN. — The wise man of our tribe has spoken. It is a thing of evil. Return it to its hiding-place.

(*They rebind Smith and lead him to the center of the stage. Then the Indians begin to dance around him. During the dance, a group of girls and women come from the forest to look on. When the dance is finished, Mawhawa places the stone on which Smith's head is to lie, and brings forth an axe*)

MAWHAWA. — Oh, great and powerful spirits, are we thy children, gathered here to appease

thee? Thy sacred laws have been broken and he must die.

(*The other Indians sit in a circle. Rocking back and forth they take up the chant, "He who breaks them must die"*)

MAWHAWA. — In the forest the bear has been slain and the beaver. No honor has been shown to their bones. On the ground they are left to whiten. Oh, great and powerful Spirit, thy sacred laws have been broken. He who breaks them must die.

OTHER INDIANS. — He who breaks them must die.

MAWHAWA. — It shall be done as it is spoken.

(*Mawhawa grasps Smith by his hair, pulls him onto his knees, and then jerks his head onto the stone*)

OTHER INDIANS. — Let it be done as it is spoken.

(*Mawhawa lifts the axe, but Pocahontas rushes forward*)

POCAHONTAS. — Not so! I claim this man! Oh, Great Good Spirit, hear me! His sins shall be upon me! For me the toil and the suffering, for me the expiation!

ANANAISSAIT. — Little maiden, oh, Bright-Eyed-One! Thy tongue speaks not thy heart. He is not of our people. He must die. Seek not to stop it!

POCAHONTAS. — He shall not die! Arise and go forth. (*Turning to Ananaissait*) Since the beginning has this been the custom of my people to take upon themselves the sins of any captive. Seek not to alter his customs lest the Great Father be displeased and show you his displeasure. (*To John Smith, giving back his gun*) Go forth, white brother, in peace.

SMITH. — Great Father, I thank thee. And thou, oh, noble maiden, hast the gratitude of me and of my people. To the Great Father shall I, too, say, "May my sins be light upon thee." Now I go; but, forever, shall I remember thy kindness.

STORMY TIMES

A STORY OF THE REBELLION IN EARLY NEW YORK

In April, 1689, the news came to New York that King James had fled to France, and that William of Orange, with large forces, had arrived in England, and had seized the throne. A certain Captain Leister stirred up the baser part of the inhabitants to seize the fort and to take the power from the legal governor and from the council. He said that, since King James had fled, all government had fallen in the colony. Leister and his men armed themselves and seized the governor, while he was in council in the City Hall. Leister held the fort and kept the governor imprisoned during two years. At the end of this time, an armed man-of-war arrived from England and forced Leister to surrender.

CHARACTERS

ROGER SMITH
PETER VAN CLIEF
JACOB DE VIEVER
owners of the outlying farms or bouweries

MEN UNDER LEISTER
TOWNSPEOPLE AND VILLAGERS
A HERALD AND A MESSENGER

SCENE

On the road to the fort.

(*Enter Van Clief and Smith*)

ROGER SMITH. — So, friend, you, too, pay tribute!

PETER VAN CLIEF. — Yes, that villain in the fort yonder bleeds me to death. Yesterday there came two of his men to me with a demand for wine. At the point of the bayonet, I had to deliver the key of my wine cellar. In they went and set themselves to drink. Presently, four more came along and what the others did not drink up, they carried off. How much longer must we endure this thing? They bade me bring money to them, to-day.

SMITH. — Heaven alone knows! This morning, I, too, was summoned to appear with the sum of five pounds sterling. I have it here, though I can ill afford it. They have robbed me like this for two years.

VAN CLIEF. — What commerce have we now? Who will be foolish enough now to come into this harbor to trade, when he knows that his goods will be seized and no payment will be given him — unless it be a few cannon balls from the fort. I shall go and start a new home, elsewhere.

SMITH. — Look! Yonder comes Jacob de Viever, leading his cow. Evidently the tyrants have a taste for fresh beef. (*Jacob de Viever comes in with his cow.*) Good-day, neighbor! Do you, also, take your way to the fort?

DE VIEVER. — Yes! Who does not, sooner or later? This cow is the last of my live stock. I am a ruined man by now.

VAN CLIEF. — See! Here come some of his hirelings. Eighteen pence they draw a day for laughing and jeering and swearing at us. (*The men pass, singing a song.*)

FIRST MAN. — Into the fort with you — get in, get in!

SECOND MAN. — Why do you stand staring? Must I run you in, on my bayonet?

THIRD MAN. — The lieutenant-governor will stand no delay, hurry along!

VAN CLIEF (*after they have passed*). — Did you hear him, friends? The lieutenant-governor! To call that barterer of skins, dealer in corn and peas, lieutenant-governor! But we must endure it till help arrives from England.

SMITH. — Relief is long in coming. Well, I will go in. I have work at home that awaits me.

DE VIEVER. — Aye, we do not better matters with words. I will go in with you.

SMITH. — Do you come also?

VAN CLIEF. — No, I will wait a little longer. Why do you not wait also? Who can tell what may happen? Each day that villain sends to me for five pounds. He tells his men, "We will drain yonder old money-bags." Well, each day I come. Do I give him the money each day? Not I. I go in presently and I say, "I met three of your men outside of the fort. They have taken the money that I was to bring to you." Then there is a great to-do and much swearing. "Go!" roars his High Mightiness, "and bring me twenty pounds!" I go, but I do not return. Their heads are muddled with so much beer and wine. They soon forget.

(*While the men are talking, people are passing and repassing, coming and going from the fort*)

SMITH. — Well, friend, such measures may do for you. I fain would guard my goods with my gun. Since I cannot, I must give them up. Ha! what is this?

(*A herald enters, calling, "Hark ye! Hark ye!" People stop and assemble to listen*)

HERALD. — Hark ye! By order of the lieutenant-governor, Jacob Leister and the committee of safety! All those who will not come into the fort and sign their hands, so as thereby

to own our power to be lawful, shall be deemed and esteemed by us as enemies to his Majesty and the country and shall be treated accordingly! (*Herald goes off crying, "Hark ye! Hark ye!"*)

VAN CLIEF. — Well, neighbors, what think you of that?

FIRST TOWNSMAN. — He doth not represent their Majesties! We will not sign! Jacob Leister is not governor.

VAN CLIEF. — Then will he take the excuse to seize our bouweries!

SMITH. — Then will we take up arms! What say you, men?

THE PEOPLE. — Yes, let us arm! Let us arm! We can endure no more.

VAN CLIEF. — No! No! You must not! Where are your cannon? Where is your powder? From behind yon turrets, they will pick you off like flies. You must submit, till aid comes!

(*There is the sound of firing*)

THE PEOPLE. — There, there, they are firing from the fort. Hark! Neighbors, let us arm! Yes, war is come! We will arm! We will drive them out!

SMITH. — Good people, listen. What our neighbor Van Clief has said is true. We have no cannon and very little powder and few bullets.

We cannot hope to take the fort. We have no chance to drive them out. It is some drunken ruffian who has fired the cannon. Let us go peacefully to our homes. These men will not dare to follow us there, or to fight us in the open.

VAN CLIEF. — Oh, my good neighbor, yes, let us go home. Let us protect our farms, let us not endanger our good rich land.

FIRST TOWNSMAN. — Of what use is our land? Where can we find a market for our goods, so long as that villain holds the fort? Drive him out, I say! Drive him out!

THE PEOPLE. — Yes, drive him out! Down with all tyrants!

(*Enter a man running*)

MAN. — Good news! Good news! The King's troops have arrived from England! The fort is taken! The villains are in chains and all is well!

THE PEOPLE. — Hurrah! Hurrah!

THE FIRST WINTER

A STORY OF HOW ELDER BREWSTER AND MILES STANDISH MINISTERED TO THE PILGRIMS IN SICKNESS AND IN HARDSHIP

CHARACTERS

MILES STANDISH . . *military captain of the Plymouth Colony*
MR. BREWSTER . . . . . *an elder*
PRISCILLA . . . . . *a young girl who has been ill*
THE BABIES . . *Oceanors Hopkins and Peregrine White, born since the coming to America*

SCENE

The interior of one of the newly built cottages. Miles Standish and Elder Brewster are engaged in conversation. The two babies lie in a cradle in the corner.

CAPTAIN STANDISH. — Elder Brewster, will you go in and speak with the Governor? He wishes to consult with you about a stockade to be built against the Indians. Humor him all you can. Remember, he is a very sick man. Tell him naught of our deaths and sufferings.

ELDER BREWSTER. — Poor man, poor man! I will go and try to comfort him.

(*He goes out*)

CAPTAIN STANDISH. — Alas! All our women sick, so I must ply the needle! (*He begins to sew. One of the babies wakes up and begins to cry. Standish goes over to it and gently rocks the cradle. Finally he has to take up the baby.*) Hush thee! Hush thee! Now would that I had a gentle voice and could sing to thee a lull-a-by! (*The baby continues to cry.*) Oh, gently, gently! Hush! Hush! What? What? Must have a song? Well, then, thou shalt.

(*Sings*)

Then right ho! for England!
And ho! for St. George!
Hum, dum, de-di-diddle,
Hum-dum-de-di-di,
We'll challenge the enemy —
Di-di-di-di-diddle —

(*Enter Priscilla*)

PRISCILLA. — Why, Captain Standish!

CAPTAIN STANDISH. — Here! Here! Take the baby! Rather would I fight fifty Indians than quiet one mewling infant!

PRISCILLA. — Poor little baby! He is hungry, captain!

CAPTAIN STANDISH. — Aye — and no milk to be had!

PRISCILLA. — If his mother mend not shortly, what is to be done?

CAPTAIN STANDISH. — God knows!

PRISCILLA. — Oh, poor, poor little baby! Would you had never been born!

(*The baby has stopped crying as Priscilla rocks it gently*)

CAPTAIN STANDISH. — Nay, Priscilla! Our troubles will mend with the spring. But thou art too weak to be about, my girl! Go lie you down again!

PRISCILLA. — Nay, I cannot. I heard the baby crying. I had to come to it.

(*Enter Elder Brewster*)

ELDER BREWSTER. — Why, Priscilla, I am glad to see thee up! Art thou feeling better?

PRISCILLA. — I think that I feel much better, thank you, Elder Brewster.

CAPTAIN STANDISH. — Did you give any comfort to the Governor?

ELDER BREWSTER. — He asked me had the Indians been prowling about the place. He said he thought that he had heard them.

CAPTAIN STANDISH. — You put him off, I hope, and answered him vaguely?

ELDER BREWSTER. — Nay! He asked a point-blank question, and a lie was not to be thought of!

CAPTAIN STANDISH. — A lie! a lie! Who talks of lying? You have told the truth in a very honest maner! It is well and good for you, but how will the matter affect him? He will lie there, with phantoms and with ghosts, seeing the colony massacred, hearing the Indians rush upon us, until he is in a high fever!

PRISCILLA. — Nay, Captain Standish! Mr. Carver is a sensible man ——

CAPTAIN STANDISH. — Aye, and a very sick one! If he knew that there were but seven of us able to be about, do you think that the knowledge would help him? Yesterday, he called me to him. "How is it, captain," he asked, "that Mr. Bradford comes in no longer to see me? It is three days, since he has been here." Did I answer and say, "Mr. Bradford is sick unto death"? Nay! I put him off with excuses. A very wise way, Elder Brewster, and the sooner you learn it the better!

ELDER BREWSTER. — Nay, Captain Standish, I cannot think as you do, and there's an end to the matter!

(*They stand silent for a moment*)

CAPTAIN STANDISH. — Well, I must go now to release Mr. Whitney and replenish the fires.

(*He takes an armful of wood and goes out*)

PRISCILLA. — Truly, Elder Brewster, have the Indians been giving trouble?

ELDER BREWSTER. — Naught to speak of. We have but seen them afar off looking towards the colony. They are still in fear of us. They know not how our ranks have thinned out, for we bury our dead at night and level over the graves, so that the Indians cannot count the dead.

PRISCILLA. — Then we shall never know where they lie, nor have any pretty customs, like wreathing the graves in the springtime, or like planting them with primroses and with violets?

(*She begins to cry*)

ELDER BREWSTER. — My dear child, my dear child, think not of such things, I pray thee! We shall yet be happy in this new land, though now there is naught but affliction. Come, dry thy tears and be comforted, for remember — "The Lord loveth whom he chasteneth."

VIRGINIA CHILDREN OF LONG AGO

A STORY OF PLANTATION DAYS

CHARACTERS

ELIZABETH LITCHFIELD . . . . . *a little girl of ten*
PHILIP LITCHFIELD . . . . . *a little boy of eleven*
MISTRESS LITCHFIELD . . . . . *their mother*
MAMMY . . . . . *an old negress, their nurse*

SCENE

A sunny room in a large country house in a southern plantation. Elizabeth is spinning. Her mother is just leaving the room.

MISTRESS LITCHFIELD. — Now, Elizabeth, you may finish the rest by yourself. I must go to my baking.

ELIZABETH. — Must I spin all this?

MISTRESS LITCHFIELD. — Yes, all. (*Elizabeth drops a courtesy, as her mother goes out.*)

ELIZABETH. — Oh, I am tired — turning and turning this old wheel. I shall not turn it again! No never!

(*Enter Philip*)

PHILIP. — Oh, ho! Pouting! What's the matter?

ELIZABETH. — You know very well!

PHILIP (*sits down and begins to imitate his sister's sullen looks and reluctant movements*).— Thou art a pretty picture. (*In a piping voice*) I shall not do another bit! No I shall not!

ELIAZBETH. — Stop thy plagueing! Thou knowest that I hate the task!

PHILIP. — Then come away and leave it.

ELIZABETH. — Oh, if I only could! What is the usè of my learning to spin? Mother has three women who do nothing else! There! I shall not wind another thread!

PHILIP. — Then come with me. I am going fishing.

ELIZABETH (*turning on him in anger*). — I can't! I can't! Go out of this room at once! You do not belong here at this time of day. You are always teasing me when I am about my work! I would be finished, if you had not come in!

PHILIP. — That is the way with all girls! You blame me instead of blaming yourself. You hate to be indoors, yet you are afraid to go out. Yes, you are afraid! You are a coward!

ELIZABETH. — You are a coward, to talk that way to a girl!

PHILIP. — Well, it's so. I want you to come fishing with me and you stay, simply because you are afraid that mother will put you in the stocks for an hour or two!

ELIZABETH. — I am not afraid!

PHILIP. — Then come with me!

ELIZABETH. — No, I won't, Philip Litchfield! Not if the whole day were mine, would I go with a boy who calls his sister a coward!

PHILIP. — Well, you are one, so there!

(*Enter Mrs. Litchfield*)

MISTRESS LITCHFIELD. — Children! Children! What is all this? I could hear you in the kitchen. What, Elizabeth! No work done since I left! And you, Philip, what is this that I hear about fishing and the stocks?

(*The children hang their heads*)

MISTRESS LITCHFIELD (*goes to the door and calls, "Mammy! Mammy!"*)

(*Enter Mammy*)

MAMMY. — You done calls me?

MISTRESS LITCHFIELD. — Yes, mammy. Bring me in the stocks and place them over there.

MAMMY. — I don't see no reason for bringin' them, but I will. (*Goes out.*)

MISTRESS LITCHFIELD. — You both need punishment. That I can plainly see. I am ashamed of my son and of my daughter.

(*Mammy brings in the stocks, and places them*)

MAMMY. — Here are the stocks.

MISTRESS LITCHFIELD. — Philip, you may sit in the stocks for the next hour.

PHILIP. — But, mother ——

MISTRESS LITCHFIELD. — No words, if you please. (*She puts Philip in the stocks.*) You, Elizabeth, will finish your spinning with despatch! It grieves me to see that my children do not know the necessity of labor in a country such as ours. Philip, is not this thy hour for studying Latin?

PHILIP. — Yes, mother.

MISTRESS LITCHFIELD. — Very well. You may go without your supper to-night and devote that time to your studies.

ELIZABETH. — Dear mother, I beg you — I, too, am to blame.

MISTRESS LITCHFIELD. — Of that I am aware. Thy punishment will be meted out to thee. Mammy, you will see that Elizabeth has no sweetmeats given her to-day.

MAMMY (*weeping*). — It breaks my heart to see these here children punished!

MISTRESS LITCHFIELD. — Philip, when you have sat one hour in the stocks I shall come for you. Then you, Elizabeth, will take his place. In the future, let us hope that there will be

no necessity for these punishments. Come, mammy! I cannot have any condoling with the culprits! In an hour, I shall be back.

(*Mistress Littlefield and Mammy go out. For a little while, Elizabeth spins. Then she looks up and begins to laugh*)

ELIZABETH. — Are you very comfortable, Philip?

(*Philip makes no answer*)

ELIZABETH. — You know that the constant use of the stocks will give you an elegant walk, so just think how improved you will be after an hour!

PHILIP. — Now, Elizabeth, *you* are doing the teasing.

(*Enter Mammy*)

MAMMY. — Ho! Ho! Marse Philip, you do looks funny wif your toes turned out! Ho! Ho!

PHILIP. — Oh, stop, mammy. I'm tired of sitting in these crazy things!

MAMMY. — Well, I specks you are and I've brought something for you.

BOTH CHILDREN. — Oh, mammy, what is it?

MAMMY. — Something nice.

PHILIP. — To eat?

ELIZABETH. — Oh, mammy, what is it?

MAMMY. — Well, here it is, a slice of hot, corn bread, for each of you.

ELIZABETH. — Oh, good!

PHILIP. — Mammy! You're an old duck.

ELIZABETH. — I'm so glad that it is not a sweetmeat, for then I couldn't eat it!

(*Mistress Litchfield comes in*)

MISTRESS LITCHFIELD. — There speaks my true little daughter. Children, your Uncle Philip is downstairs. He has come to take you riding. So for this one time, you are excused. (*She takes Philip out the stocks.*) Run off now and get dressed.

THE CHILDREN. — Oh! Goody! Goody! Hurrah for Uncle Philip! Come, hurry, mammy, and help us dress! Thank you, mother!

(*Elizabeth courtesies to her mother. Philip bends over her hand and kisses it*)

MISTRESS LITCHFIELD. — Now you are my good kind children once more. I pray that you may continue so.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN NEW ENGLAND

A STORY OF COLONIAL MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

CHARACTERS

GOODMAN TODD, GOODWIFE TODD ..... *colonists*

ISAAC, a boy of six
PERSEVERANCE, a girl of ten
BARTHOLOMEW, a boy of eight ... *their children*

SCENE

The living-room of Goodman Todd's house. The children are talking. Candles are burning.

PERSEVERANCE. — There! My petticoat is mended. Dear! Dear! How homely is linsey woolsey! Didst thou notice, Bartholomew, how fine and costly was the petticoat worn, last Sabbath day, by Mistress Frances Underberry?

BARTHOLOMEW. — Nay, I did not. And thou knowest it is a sin to envy thy neighbor's belongings!

PERSEVERANCE. — I did not envy, I but admired. Come, let us play at being at church.

BARTHOLOMEW. — I think that would be wicked!

ISAAC. — Oh, sister, let us play!

PERSEVERANCE. — Yes, we shall play. Thou mayst be an elder, Bartholomew. Isaac will be the congregation and I will be a constable, and wake you with my staff if you go to sleep. Now, Bartholomew, be very straight and solemn. I will march up and down.

(*Isaac pretends to go to sleep. Perseverance taps him with her stick. Isaac gives forth a peal of laughter*)

PERSEVERANCE (*after laughing with him*). — No, you must not laugh. You must be very embarrassed and downcast.

(*Enter Goodwife Todd*)

GOODWIFE TODD. — Come, children, come! There is work to be done. Do you forget that to-morrow is the Sabbath?

PERSEVERANCE. — Nay, mother, we were playing at going to church. Bartholomew was an elder. Isaac was the congregation and went to sleep.

GOODWIFE TODD. — Oh, shame! For shame! A whole congregation asleep! But, come, there is work to be done. Here, Perseverance, are thy father's brass shoe-buckles. Polish them well.

You, Bartholomew, will turn the spit. Come, Isaac, you must go to bed. It is growing late.

(*Goodwife Todd leads Isaac from the room*)

PERSEVERANCE. — Why is father out so late?

BARTHOLOMEW. — He is at a meeting of the elders. I heard him tell mother, this morning, that Goody Whitehouse was to have a public talking to to-morrow at church because at her home she scoldeth and scoldeth.

PERSEVERANCE. — Oh! how terrible! How dreadful her boy Samuel will feel! But see my buckles. How bright they are! Yet dost thou see that one is not so bright as the other?

BARTHOLOMEW. — Let *me* try to brighten it. There! Oh, how it shines!

(*Enter their father*)

GOODMAN TODD. — What, admiring my buckles! Yes, to be sure, they do shine.

(*The mother comes down stairs*)

GOODWIFE TODD. — Thou art late, Jacob!

GOODMAN TODD. — Yes. We had a long discussion. But see my buckles, wife? Are they not like gold? Have a care, children! The good Governor will fine me for adorning myself above my station. But, hark! There is the watchman's bell!

(*They listen. The ding-dong can be heard as the watchman passes their door*)

Now all lights must be put out. Is everything in readiness for the morrow, wife?

GOODWIFE TODD. — And the children — yes, everything.

GOODMAN TODD. — Then all lights out.

GOODWIFE TODD. — I must first take this roast and put it away. There! Now, I am ready.

PERSEVERANCE. — Father, may I light the traveller's candle?

GOODMAN TODD. — Yes, daughter.

(*Perseverance lights a candle and places it in the window*)

PERSEVERANCE. — I will place it in the window to light the traveller on his way.

GOODWIFE TODD. — Now, Bartholomew, snuff the other candles. (*They have two candles burning. Isaac snuffs them.*)

GOODMAN TODD. — Come! A short prayer and then to bed.

(*All, with folded hands, listen to the prayer*)

Oh, Lord, God—our Father, watch over us and protect us this night.

THE OTHERS. — Amen.